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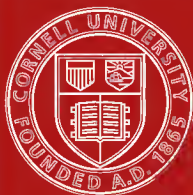
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With the

Compliments of Rev, Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

Cloudy Weather

A Romance of Fenian Days

By

E. ANGELA HENRY



Foreword by

Rev. Luke F. Sharkey and Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

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FOREWORD

In this volume, which is fitly entitled "Cloudy Weather," Miss Henry has depicted the main details of a martial enterprise which has commonly been adjudged both foolish and foolhardy. The "Fenian Raid," it is said, was merely the picturesque exploit of a band of ardent, but deluded, Irish patriots whose object was so visionary and unattainable that it deserved the derision which greeted its tragic failure. But this superficial estimate of the Fenian attack does no justice to the motives which inspired it or the unseen results which it achieved. To understand these motives and results one has but to study sympathetically the many abortive attempts made by Irish patriots, on their native soil, to break the fetters of their nation. All these attempts were apparently unsuccessful. And yet who that has a deep knowledge of Irish history will call them failures? The blood and the tears that have drenched the soil of Ireland during seven centuries of atrocious oppression have not been shed in vain. The patriotism of Ireland has been nurtured on the blood of her martyred patriots; and though these patriots failed in the immediate object of their endeavors they, nevertheless, won a success in preserving in the hearts of their countrymen the spirit of national life and honor. In this sense the Fenian Raid was not a failure.

Miss Henry has wisely placed the facts of the Raid in a romantic setting. This added element of interest affords her the opportunity of bringing out more clearly the character of the men who were the chief actors in the tragic drama, and the hopes and fears that alternately filled their breasts. Such a mode of treatment, moreover, conforms most appropriately with the general history of the Irish struggle for freedom. No outstanding phase of that long struggle has been devoid of the tender incidents of romance—the romance, not of fiction, but of fact. This volume is a timely contribution to the history of that struggle. It comes from the press at a time when the hopes of Erin are roseate with the dawning light of

freedom. To the final achievement of this victory the Fenians in their own way and day, contributed in no small measure. This is the day of their vindication; no longer will their memory be dishonored by derision.

I am glad to have the privilege of writing this foreword to Miss Henry's book. An association of several years with her on the editorial staff of the *Catholic Union and Times* has given me a high opinion of her literary ability, an opinion that is shared by the regular readers of her department in our paper. Although she has devoted herself to literary pursuits during the greater part of her life, this is the first volume that has come from her pen. In giving it to the public she is prompted more by love for the land of her forefathers than by the hope of emolument.

Rev. LUKE F. SHARKEY.

BUFFALO, N. Y., October 31, 1921.

Ireland's prospects in sunshine and shadow are well set forth in this volume by an expert journalist, whose mind has been enriched by the study of the people of many lands. Though removed from Irish soil by two generations, E. Angela Henry has carefully preserved the ancestral heritage of loyal service to the cause of human freedom with its correlative, hatred of human oppression.

During three years in Europe she wrote syndicate letters from leading cities, including the Holy Land of Palestine. Her experience abroad has given Miss Henry abundant subjects for entertaining lectures during four seasons at the Catholic Summer School.

As an American citizen, she has had unusual opportunities to become familiar with the story of the Fenian Invasion and while writing for Canadian publications she came in touch

with special information regarding the lamented D'Arcy McGee. His noble salutation to his Celtic brothers shows a high type of intellect. It has inspired many orators at the numerous celebrations held in honor of St. Patrick:

"Hail to our Celtic brethren,
Wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon
Or o'er the Atlantic sea.

A greeting and a promise
Unto them all we send;
Their character our charter is,
Their glory is our end.
Their friend shall be our friend,
Our foe who e'er assails
The glory or the story of the
Sea-divided Gaels.
One in name and one in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

Within recent years the remarkable solidarity shown by the sea-divided Gaels has put to shame many pet schemes of secret propagandists. In Australia, and elsewhere, Archbishop Mannix has used no big stick in his work for Ireland. The wonderful speech he delivered by invitation of the Catholic Summer School was a direct appeal to the moral and intellectual forces of the world. In a calm, and most judicial manner he concentrated attention upon the problem of securing for Ireland the same measure of self-determination conceded to other small nations.

The fearless leader of the real friends of Irish freedom, Eamon De Valera, is, also, a type of the well-balanced patriot, as contrasted with the loud-mouthed, professional advocate of Irish patriotism. His Lincoln-like earnestness combined with mathematical precision of statement, greatly impressed a mass meeting of Adirondack farmers in August, 1920.

The meeting was organized under the auspices of the Catholic Summer School. Amid the hearty applause at the close of the speech, one of the bystanders made a request that

three cheers be given for Mrs. De Valera present on the platform, and for the children she had left under the care of friends in Dublin. The incident aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and gave opportunity for Mrs. De Valera to tell how the women of Ireland had organized a league of prayers, especially for the patriots unjustly detained in prison cells, like John Mitchell, who has left in his famous "Jail Journal," a classic of literature to perpetuate the indictment of Britannia.

Rev. THOMAS McMILLAN, C. S. P.

CLIFF HAVEN, N. Y., on Lake Champlain.

August 15, 1921.

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To Beloved Ireland

“Always glorious
but seldom happy.”

—*Curran*.

CLOUDY WEATHER

"The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock."

CHAPTER I.

A PAGE FROM '68.

"By the powers, Con, if they have not up and done it," and the newspaper rustled noisily in the speaker's nervous fingers.

"What's that you would be after saying, Bart?" asked a muffled voice from somewhere beneath the blankets.

"Nothing more nor less than that the boys have sent a bullet through the false heart of D'Arcy McGee."

But any further talk about the sudden and awful tragedy which had occurred in Ottawa's deserted streets in the lonely hours of the night, was continued with hushed voices, for closed doors have tell-tale keyholes, and in Canada this was a turbulent time, when, to express opinions as freely as did those two Irish-Canadians, was regarded as treason to the British Government.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOY-ORATOR.

It was the Fourth of July, 184—, in Canton, that pretty little sea-washed town lying along the eastern coast of the United States, and this particular national holiday was being observed in a manner that transmitted to the present the traits which make what is known today as an "old-fashioned" Fourth celebration. In the center of the town stood the public square, and there everyone, and everything, had assembled to promote patriotism and help along the fun, men speaking, children shouting, drums beating, while over all the gay scene and merry din floated the Starry Banner.

Impromptu oratory was the order of the day, and many a speaker who on any other occasion would have been relegated to auctioning the bankrupt stock of a second-hand shop, was given a hearing. The magic theme, American Independence, cast a glamor over speaker and audience, and all went well.

Somewhat apart from the center crowd was a group of children intently watching the amusing antics of a very clever, and evidently, circus-trained white bull-terrier that answered to the startling appellation, "St. Paul." Just as the delight of the children had reached its highest, a tall, angular woman with some Puritanic germs still lingering in her moral anatomy, felt it her duty to reprove the dog's master for such a demeaning of Biblical names, ending her edifying homily by enquiring of the rakish-looking owner of the agile

canine, what suggested the name? She received the grave reply, "Because of the dog's antipathy to hearing a woman's voice in public."

The children forming the group were a little girl and three boys. That one of the latter was a close relative of the girl was quite evident; not so much because of the marked family resemblance as from a brother's careless replies to the small, imperious miss; who received so much consideration from her other playmates. Widely different were the little ones, and strange as is the hand of fate which shapes the course of human events, it was never more strange than in the bringing together on that bright summer afternoon of the Fourth of July, 184—, those four children; and in the distance still another figure, though older in years, whose ill-starred destiny threw across their lives a shadow which never lightened this side of the grave.

The oldest of the lads, George Debney, was unmistakably a rich man's son with all the importance of his father's name continually before his mind, together with a child's natural wish to make others aware of it. The blue-eyed boy near him was an Irish-Canadian who had drifted across the line, and whose expectations were as correspondingly low as were those of the superior George, high.

One day as the little girl, Kathleen Dwyer, went tripping along at the base of a six-foot fence with which a town magnate screened his cultivated grounds from the vulgar eye, a sly breeze stole up and carried her sun-hat over, and as she stood ruefully gazing at the high barricade, and thought of a very

possible cross watch-dog guarding the gate, the big tears began gathering slowly, when Billie Whelan, the Irish-Canadian, came to the rescue.

This was the beginning of the end. Kathleen's brother, Harry Dwyer, and Billie became chummy, because the former was of those frank, genial natures which fraternize easily, and the latter was a stranger in want of company. Priggish George Debney soon joined the trio, but an older person reading between the lines might have seen the connecting link was the little Kathleen, a lovely child of five years, who one might safely predict, if Nature proved true to her gracious promises, would develop into a splendid and winsome type of American womanhood.

She was a strange child, being devoid of that baby softness wherein lies the charm of childish ways; still, this had but the effect of quickening the desire to win her rare caress. She queened it over the rollicking brother, making him invariably yield the point as to the site of a new play house; ordered the important George Debney to gather endless baskets of broken dishes; while Billie Whelan was expected to risk, unhesitatingly, his neck to capture her wayward pigeon.

Even now, as with the unconscious grace of early childhood she leans lightly against the town pump, she accepts with provoking indifference George's especially cherished red tin whistle, and scarcely bends her sun-touched head when Billie Whelan tenders his last bunch of fire-crackers, while Harry must surrender, willy nilly, his place that she may have a still better view of the performing dog. But

suddenly, the tiny figure drops its pretty indolence, the blue-gray eyes widen with unusual interest as she raises a wee hand to silence the boys' clattering tongues, and with the other sweeps back her golden curls.

What Kathleen saw was a youth of about eighteen years standing in a high coal cart, haranguing with the full might of his lungs an admiring and approving crowd of patriots. He was evidently a stranger, and an Irishman, and had a heavy, almost African cast of features. Clearly, and richly, rolled forth the youthful speaker's voice as he praised the land where freedom of speech is enjoyed by every man; where burning wrongs may be aired in public, thereby standing a chance of being righted, and not within a darkened room, as in Ireland, where the risk must be run of there being a government spy at every crevice. On and on went the boy-orator, while cheer after cheer re-echoed to his stirring words.

"Who is he?" asked a short, thick-set man whose leonine head corresponded in its massive proportions with those of the young Irishman descending from his improvised rostrum.

"Oh," answered a bystander, "he is a curly-headed Paddy that came over in the last ship."

"Then," returned the "thick-set" questioner, plain "Ben Butler" he was at that time, afterward one of the military heroes of the Civil War, "I wish to God whole shiploads of his kind would come over to us. Any country may be proud of that youth."

As the young D'Arcy McGee was returning to the place he had occupied before the spirit of Polymnia

moved him, he felt a soft hand slipping itself into his, and looking down met a little girl's upturned face glowing with enthusiasm, while a pair of witching blue-gray eyes holding the most intense admiration in their limpid depths, were raised to his. Kathleen had listened with rapt attention to every word of D'Arcy McGee's, without understanding a single syllable, but that same voice which afterward moved as it willed thousands to laughter or to tears, thrilled the sensitive child with a feeling unknown before, and when the last words floated away on the summer air she, to the utter astonishment of the three boys, darted over to the side of Mr. McGee. The young man's heavy, dark face changed as it caught the reflection of that childish brightness, and the smile which rarely came illuminated his countenance and for a moment mirrored forth the unrivalled intelligence as yet lying dormant in that great brain.

"What is it, little one?" he asked with the caressing sweetness those of his mother tongue use to women and children.

And Kathleen, the reserved, undemonstrative, paid open tribute to Genius by gently rubbing her delicate cheek against his strong, sun-browned hand, and naively answering, "I love you." But in a moment her normal nature reasserted itself, and bidding him come with her, led the way to where the boys stood, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, watching her unusual behavior. As the little girl demurely told him who was who, D'Arcy McGee smilingly shook each boy's hand, and upon her further informing him that Billie

Whelan came from Canada, advised the lad not to go back.

For some inexplicable reason, the Irish-Canadian boy became nettled and pertly answered, "I will if I like," whereupon Kathleen promptly declared "She wished he would, as she but wanted Mr. McGee." The young man only smiled at the childish by-play, then saying good-bye, was about to move away, when Kathleen held up her redberry mouth for a parting kiss. With reverent tenderness he bared his splendid young head and accepted the innocent gift, and murmuring in his native tongue, "God keep you," disappeared in the crowd.

CHAPTER III.

TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

Days, months and years, each with its quota of pleasure and pain, have been devoured by Time's insatiable appetite, and yet the world and all that is in it rushes heedlessly on to the open mouth, though the doomed are conscious in a dim way that this same voracious hunger, growing stronger every year, has one redeeming feature—forgetfulness. Blessed forgetfulness! It softens the ragged edge of sorrow's cruel stroke, dulls the bitterness in poverty's sharp sting, and dilutes with kindness the gall of early wrongs!

So surely does time creep upon us, that when we look for the unpretentious little seaport town which twenty years ago was so proud of its bright, new flag, we feel like strangers in a strange land. To be sure, the glorious Ensign of Liberty still floats from its staff, but the white stars have increased in number, and the town pump has given way to a handsome fountain which stands in the center of the public square, the latter no longer capable of holding even a tithe of the city's population on a Fourth of July celebration. The air is dark with the smoke of many factories, and over all the town is stamped the great seal of the American Republic—progress. Here there is work for all. Canton's sons and daughters have settled around their birth-place, for unlike Irish cities it is spared the pain of seeing its rich young blood, instinct with energy and intelligence, forced abroad for lack

of opportunity to earn a successful livelihood at home. The roadway, no longer soft and yielding, now echoes to the clink of horseshoes upon the cobbled pavements of '66; the high fence around the magnate's sacred grounds is gone, and the weary laborer may eat his lunch under the shade of these one-time unapproachable trees, thoroughly enjoying the resting place his town has provided.

Not a vestige of the homes of the Dwyers and Debneys is to be seen in the immense block where the great mercantile firm of Debney & Co. transacts business with the largest wholesale houses in the country, and abroad. Yet, strange to relate, the humble abode which the little Irish-Canadian boy had visited during that summer long ago remains as a landmark. In front of the old house stands a pole with alternate stripes of red, white and blue running diagonally around it, announcing that the tonsorial art is practiced within. But how had time dealt with a finer material than brick and mortar?

An epidemic of typhoid had carried off the parents of the Dwyer children, and with them much of their material support; still, sufficient was left to educate brother and sister, more especially that their devoted "Grandmother Dwyer" was spared to manage their small income. On the other hand, years had accumulated the wealth of the Debney family, and upon the retirement of the older Debney, George stepped into the parental shoes, and well he filled them.

He was now the senior member of the flourishing firm, as well as its heaviest stockholder. A keen, shrewd business man, he won and held the respect of

his fellowmen by his unswerving adherence to principle, be the outcome what it might; yet the probability is he would never sit at banquet board the favorite guest, and hear his comrades' voices sing "He is a jolly good fellow." Financially and socially his status ranked high, but it stopped there. He was not a popular man. And this was the canker in the rose leaf in the life of the man whom success had crowned at every turn. Indeed, he was born to success. But he coveted, like many a man before him, and as many a one shall after him, a high elective office, but was too proud to cater to public opinion for that which would not be freely tendered him without such tactics. Still, no man had more the interests of his city and its people at heart than he, not for any philanthropical sentiment or for his own betterment—he was innocent of the first and independent of the latter—but because his strictly methodical and upright training would lead him to act so. And George Debney would have been a representative worthy any state. Of fine physique and polished bearing and a public speaker in whose logic and careful diction the most critical could find no flaw, nevertheless, he would never go to Washington, though his influential support might send others there.

It was well on to six P. M., and throughout the immense wholesale business block of Debney & Company gas lamps (electricity and early closing hours had not yet arrived) shone upon an army of clerks hastily covering the rich merchandise that not a moment might be lost when the great gong sounded

the end to a long day of toil. In his private office sat Mr. Debney, in his hand an open letter. It had arrived by the first mail that morning, and though read and re-read within the course of the last five minutes, as it had been on its arrival, yet judging by the intensity with which the recipient was scanning the few lines, even at this late hour he had not caught the drift of their meaning. The letter ran thus:

"Mr. Debney:—If you would save those whom you love, see to it that a friend of yours goes less often to New York, which visit invariably occurs on the last Thursday of each month."

There was no signature, but unlike the stereotype anonymous communication there seemed no lurking poison in the simple scribble. "What in the name of everything that was reasonable did it mean?" Mr. Debney questioned himself vexatiously. "How dare any person of the outside world intimate he knew anything of his private affairs? Whose actions for good or ill in the whole city of Canton could cost him a troubled thought?" A hearty rat-tat-tat at the door made Mr. Debney utter a very masculine imprecation at the interruption of his privacy, and with a frown auguring short parley with the visitor, curtly bade the unknown enter.

"Hello, George! Business closed for the day?" called a pleasant, manly voice resonant with cheer and good-will toward his neighbor.

Mr. Debney shook the young man's outstretched hand, while a degree of warmth few callers could occasion, mellowed his chill dignity. When both had dropped into chairs and after some casual chat bear-

ing upon the weather, the latest city news, trade fluctuations, Dr. Harry Dwyer, for the merry lad of twenty years ago was now a promising physician, trusting to a special privilege, drew out his pipe—he detested cigars—and after a few steady pulls, said:

“George, we have a great scheme on hand.”

“Yes?”

“Something which will bring happiness to millions of people, and to their children’s children.”

“Yes?”

“Why,” continued the enthusiastic voice, “the achievement of Lincoln will be nowhere in comparison.”

“Any money in it?” queried the other.

“No, you most mercenary offspring of a most mercenary age. Was there money for Lincoln when he freed the black slave? We are out to free another race of slaves, white ones.”

“Oh, the lucrative commodity is not in your line?” and just the suspicion of a sneer edged the evenly-modulated voice.

“Well, I must admit,” replied the young physician, “that it does seldom seem to come, or rather, to stay, yet, I like money’s worth as well as my neighbor.”

The successful business man turned in his chair, apparently to arrange his desk lamp, but in reality that he might cover his chagrin at having intentionally brushed, however lightly, against another man’s weak spot, and said:

“Well, Dwyer, what about this scheme?”

“It will soon be under way,” answered Dr. Harry, his frank face flushing at the thought of his mys-

terious project. In his excitement the beloved pipe went out, as leaning over, he placed one hand confidentially on the knee of his childhood friend, and in a voice grown hoarse in its earnestness of deep purpose, answered, "*We are going to free Ireland.*"

CHAPTER IV.

FENIANISM.

Not a muscle of George Debney's face moved in sympathy with his companion's momentous words, though his ancestors, colonial rebels, had been foremost in fighting British tyranny; he only settled himself more comfortably in his office chair to await further particulars, which were sure to come.

"Don't you see, George, the iron is very hot just now; for with the immense number of well-drilled Irish-American soldiers disbanded from military service, both from Federal and Confederate forces, and with a common cause to unite them, the day will be ours."

"Do you propose crossing to Ireland and banishing the British reptiles as did St. Patrick their prototypes?"

"No," replied Dr. Dwyer, "we will make Canada our objective point, and while we draw England's attention to the protection of her western colony, there will be a simultaneous uprising in Ireland, and by that means we will make England's difficulty Ireland's opportunity."

"Rather a daring line of campaign," commented Mr. Debney, "and I would also think rather unjust toward the Canadians, who, from all accounts, appear to be well satisfied with the present state of affairs. Why visit upon Canada the terrible penalty of war for the guilt of the parent country?"

"We do not wish to wage war on the people of Canada but upon the British Government," answered Dr. Harry. "Canada has no right to enjoy all the benefits of crown protection without, on the other hand, experiencing the disadvantages of British connection. You may think the Canadian colony is entirely in accord with British policy toward Ireland, because of the garbled accounts you read in the Canadian press written by Cockney scribes; but Upper Canada is thronging with faithful Irishmen, who will be with us to a man, while Lower Canada, being totally independent, we are sure of for a two-fold reason."

"Take care," returned Mr. Debney with bitter ancestral remembrances of Empire Loyalist treachery, colonials on this side who cowardly forsook the Revolutionary party, fled to Canada where their poltroonry was rewarded with grants of the richest border land. "Do not commit the Irishman's blunder of being too sanguine. As to the French-Canadian support, I dare say you may get it, if it be not like the old story of Franco-Irish help arriving too late. But after all, a Canadian should be a patriot first and an Irishman afterward, and I would not give much for these same Irish-Canadians who, having no complaint against their form of government, yet secretly conspire to let in the enemy. If they are so desirous of enjoying a greater freedom, why not come over here at once? We have plenty of room."

"Ah, George, can't you see it is England we want to get a slap at, and we can only reach that century-old sinner through Canada? Let me read you the

proclamation written by Major-General Sweeney, copies of which will be distributed throughout Canada when the invasion takes place:

“To the People of British America: We come among you as the foes of British rule in Ireland. We have taken up the sword to strike down the oppressor’s rod, to deliver Ireland from the tyrant, the despoiler, the robber. We have registered our oaths upon the altar of our country, in the full view of Heaven. We have no issue with the people of these Provinces, and wish to have none but the most friendly relations. Our weapons are for the oppressors of Ireland. Our vows shall be directed against the power of England; her privileges, alone, shall we invade, not yours.

“We do not propose to divest you of a solitary right you now enjoy. We are here neither as murderers, nor as robbers for plunder or spoliation. We are here as the Irish army of liberation, the friends of liberty against despotism, of democracy against aristocracy, of the people against their oppressors. In a word, our war is with the armed force of England, not with its people, not with these Provinces; it is against England upon land and sea until Ireland is free.

“To Irishmen throughout these Provinces we appeal in the name of seven centuries of British iniquity and Irish misery and suffering. In the name of our murdered sires, our desolate homes, our desecrated altars, our million of famine-dug graves, our insulted name and race, to stretch forth the hand of brotherhood in the holy Cause of motherland, and smite the tyrant where we can. We conjure you, our

countrymen, who from misfortune inflicted by the very tyranny you are serving, or from any other cause, have been forced to enter the ranks of the enemy, the British Government, not to be willing instruments of Ireland's death or degradation.

“No uniform and surely not the *blood-dyed* coat of England can emancipate you from the natural law that binds your allegiance to liberty, to right, to justice! To the friends of Ireland, of freedom, of humanity, of the people, we offer the olive branch of Peace and the honest grasp of Friendship. Take it, Irishman, Frenchman, American! Take it all, and trust it!

“We wish to meet with friends; we are prepared to meet with enemies. We shall endeavor to merit the confidence of the former, and the latter can expect from us but the leniency of a determined though generous foe, and the restraints and relations imposed by civilized warfare. Signed, T. W. Sweeney, Major-General.’ ”

“Well, well, it seems to me you bellicose Irish have done and will continue doing your unfortunate motherland more injury through your inherent love of fighting than you will ever do it good,” said Mr. Debney. “Constitutional means alone, at least on this side, will compel John Bull to lift his brutal hand from Erin's small head. Dr. Cahill, speaking in Canton a few evenings ago, reiterated this same policy when he said ‘Ireland will be freed by the pen; never by the sword’.”

“Pshaw! that is only the opinion of one man against many. You should hear James Stephens and

John O'Mahony's enthusiastic words of encouragement concerning our ultimate success," returned the young Fenian.

"And pray, who are James Stephens and John O'Mahony, that you quote them so infallible authorities upon so vital a question?" asked George.

"They are the Head Centers of the Fenian Brotherhood, both in Ireland and in America. It was O'Mahony who named the organization Fenian: He is quite a Gaelic scholar. 'Fenianism' contemplates the organization of the Irish element in America into one great national association for the purpose of combining all the resources at its command, moral, national and political, and directing them intelligently, systematically and determinedly toward the liberation of Ireland. It contemplates, secondly, the formation of allied associations in Ireland, Great Britain, the British Provinces and wherever else any branch of the Irish Nation may be found in sufficient force. Headquarters for this side is in New York, and through the Head Centers pass all the money which is being collected throughout the country."

"And what guarantee have you for these men's positive honesty, a quality so essential in filling such a responsible post?—I am speaking as an experienced business man. Do they alone hold the funds in trust for the nationwide Brotherhood?"

"Yes, and we in turn hold them in trust," was the confident reply. "An Irishman never doubts his leader. But," drawing out his watch, "I must be off to attend a meeting, as I am booked for New York City on Thursday evening."

Like a flash, remembrance of the morning's unsigned admonition came to Mr. Debney's mind. Now he could glimmer that the writer of it wished him in some way to protect Dr. Dwyer, but why such an extravagantly sentimental way of speaking to one man about another? He certainly regarded young Dwyer in a friendly light,—a neighbor's son whom he had known since knickerbocker days,—but as to that womanish nonsense, why—but here all his calm reasoning took flight, and in its place rushed consciousness of an affection he would scarcely admit to himself, yet, a stranger had come upon it in some unaccountable way, and wished to arouse an interest in the brother through love for the sister.

It was the old connecting link of long ago—Kathleen. She had grown from a lovely child into the most beautiful woman in Canton. Mentally and physically Nature had faithfully, even generously, carried out her promises of twenty years ago. There was a strong similarity between the characters of George Debney and Kathleen Dwyer, and, perhaps, in that lay the difficulty of two parallel straight lines ever meeting.

CHAPTER V.

LIMERICK LACE.

The health and strength of the Dwyer orphans seemed to increase in an inverse proportion to the limited supply of money which was left to the aged grandmother for their maintenance and education. Courageously and cheerfully she continued doing a double duty to the children of the son she had idolized. Kathleen was sent to the most fashionable academy which the city afforded, while Harry daily attended an equally first-class school, neither of them knowing that the additional money which went to pay for their exclusive education was earned by an old grandmother's trembling fingers, as she bent her white head and strained her faded eyes over filmy lace to be worn by New York's fairest debutantes. In her youth she had learned, in common with many other wealthy Irish ladies, the exquisite art of making Limerick's famous lace, and though sixty years had passed since then, the thin, bloodless fingers had not lost their cunning, nor the dim old eyes their accuracy.

Not a murmur against present conditions, nor a sigh for past comforts ever crossed the patient lips; instead, a silent prayer for the bonnie young grandchildren was woven in and out the meshes of the delicate pattern. Then one bright morning she found that Harry was a man with M. D. to his name, and that Kathleen stood beside her, a graceful woman with face too beautiful for this every-day world of hardship and disappointment. And, love making her

keen-sighted, she knew that to the girl would come the heaviest share. In her heart of hearts, old Mrs. Dwyer loved her bright, genial grandson the best; he made her forget her whitened hair and bent form, but that she stood as in the olden days, a proud young mother beside another Harry Dwyer, brown-eyed, open-faced, with the same cordial smile for all.

In due time Dr. Dwyer's office was opened for the speedy and permanent relief of all the ills to which Canton flesh might be heir. There was the usual weary waiting for tardy patients; then a lucky cure in a case which had been professionally declared hopeless, and lo! the tide had turned in Harry's favor, until even "standing room only" was at a premium during consulting hours. But strange to say, every night up in the aged grandmother's room the little lamp burned later and later, while the wrinkles seemed to deepen in the patient face. Yet Harry was no night-owl profligate, spending both time and money in unlawful places, and though his "accounts due" far exceeded his "cash receipts," still there was sufficient of the latter to spare old age from nightly labor and a winsome young sister from daily sacrifice.

Of late the two loving women had noticed the weary air with which Dr. Harry returned from his round of sick calls. Could they have followed him, they might have seen how on the one hand he met the rich woman, nervous, exacting, almost on the verge of self-wrought hysteria and exasperating the young physician to a degree of impatience which made him long to bid her consult a like hypochondriac, but,

remembering her golden salve, controlled himself, for now of all times he must have money. Then his list of calls would summon him to a different scene where hunger and misfortune ushered him to the bed upon which lay their offspring—bodily suffering. In such places, his own cheery face and open hand were most often the only tonic prescribed, but, now when a bed-ridden old man would put his feeble hand in Harry's and bid him "take that for the Cause," the young doctor longed to give it back; but again he remembered his oath, and passed out with the bit of silver in his hand, wishing with a sigh that "he had some of George Debney's superfluous wealth."

It was at dinner one evening Kathleen said, with that sweet, clear voice which never took on its softest note when asking a favor:

"Harry, will you kindly write me a check for a hundred dollars, as I am planning a new gown for General Shields' visit?"

"I am sorry, Kathleen, that I am unable to comply with your request, doubly so when it would help contribute to the entertainment of our gallant soldier."

The blue-gray eyes grew a shade darker, and clearer, lower the melodious voice:

"Why, Harry, you know I never ask when I am aware my request cannot be granted without any personal inconvenience."

"No, you are not unreasonable, sister mine; but I repeat, I have not at present even ten dollars at my disposal. Wait until the Seventeenth of March and you shall have the handsomest dress, all green and gold, that can be bought in Canton City."

"As you will, but the brother who only yesterday received five hundred dollars, and today can refuse his sister one hundred, is more to be pitied than blamed. As to your last inducement, let me inform you that I have no particular desire to spend your money in the masquerade you suggest, and at such a gathering as usually assembles on the 'Seventeenth'."

But the petted sister had carried her woman's disappointment over the loss of a new gown too far. Harry's face turned white at her scornful allusion to the Irish, and his eyes were blazing as an angry retort sprang to his lips, when the grandmother softly arose and placing a hand on the shoulder of each, said:

"Hush, children! Young blood is too quick at giving and taking more than is meant. You shall have your dress, dearie, and Harry can give you another for the 'Seventeenth'."

The boy bent his head and pressed a kiss upon the withered fingers; but the girl made no sign and silently left the room.

The grandmother had also been on the point of asking Harry for a very necessary bank-note, where-with she might appease the anger of a much-tried grocer, when Kathleen proffered her request. Talk about "hidden saints"—they sit at our tables every day, and our ingrowing eyes see them not.

The night of the famous warrior's reception came and Canton's fine Music Hall was aglow with lights and gay with colors for the occasion. All Canton and everywhere else was present to do honor to a victor

of '65. Upon the platform, stationed among tall, nodding palms, was a negro band. Over the players' heads hung the Flag of Liberty, which for three years had been laved in blood that they might be recognized as men, not chattels. It was a peaceful scene after much bloodshed and desolation, and bright eyes softened as they were waited upon by one-armed cavaliers—

“For Valor had relaxed his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame
Lay stretched, full loth the weight of arms to brook.”

Kathleen and General Shields opened the ball in the dignified dance of the sixties, the quadrille, his erect, military bearing setting off her graceful, willowy carriage with an effect delightful to watch. Then, according to the natural order of things for an attractive girl, came hosts of eager partners, but at last Kathleen was given a moment alone, through her attentive escort having gone ascouring for the daintiest ice available in such crowded rooms. Her thoughts were traveling back to another reception, also tendered a celebrity, a man of letters instead of arms, when a voice at her elbow enquired:

“Have ‘bluecoats’ the monopoly of Miss Dwyer’s gracious presence this evening?”

The words were spoken in Mr. Debney’s polished tones. He had, after much quiet waiting, found his opportune moment, and he was not the man to lose it.

“Can I find no place for my ‘mark,’ or are you like everyone else here this evening, offering perfumed incense to Woden’s successful sons?”

"Yes," the sweet voice replied, "and happy to be among the worshippers at a shrine whose votaries used their prowess in so noble a cause."

"How I regret that illness which prevented my girding on a sword, freeing legions of Nubian mortals thereby finding favor in a fair lady's eyes."

"George, what nonsense you do talk at times! I thought you wanted this next waltz; if you do not"—his arm was around her, and off they floated in what has been charmingly styled the poetry of motion.

The last bar of the dreamy music was slowly ebbing away, when it was whispered around that the General had acceded to the wishes of the guests, and regardless of all ballroom conventionalities, was about to address the array of dazzling shirt-fronts and gleaming shoulders. A stampede was immediately made for the gallery as the only "vantage point," and as Kathleen and Mr. Debney were ascending the stairs, a woman, who must have been carrying her train in a careless manner, turned suddenly with an angry glance toward them, as she felt George's foot come in dire contact with a flounce of lace.

"Pardon my awkwardness, madam," he hastily said. But the irate woman was not to be pacified easily. Holding up the torn flounce she exclaimed, in an annoyed, sharp voice, "My real Limerick lace, and no pins to be had."

Mr. Debney quickly drew his diamond stick pin and proffered its use, but such courtesy was beyond the limited comprehension of this woman and she rudely declined it.

Kathleen had stood a silent spectator of the little scene, for, though not one word or act was lost on her, the accident had occasioned for her such bitter reflections that any further pleasure in the night had vanished at the words "Limerick lace." She saw that the torn lace and the dainty piece lying round her own graceful neck had been made by the same hands—her grandmother's.

Only those who may have experienced a similar feeling can conceive the torture it caused the high-spirited Kathleen Dwyer to find that her gay plumage had been purchased at the cost of an aged woman's sleepless night and aching back, whilst she with her strong young limbs and undimmed sight was glorying in a distinct elegance of dress! The draught that she raised unhesitatingly to her lips was bitter aloes, unadulterated.

A short time afterwards the belle of the ball was missing. Kathleen had quietly left the brilliant scene which her grace and beauty had adorned, and with tightly compressed lips, entered her own door a sadder and wiser woman than she had left it. Running eagerly up the stairs to her grandmother's room, she knocked and entered.

The shaded lamp threw a softened light across the peaceful features, as the venerable white head leaned wearily against the high-backed rocker. On the table lay an unfinished width of lace; and in one hand, with the fingers of the other still resting caressingly upon it, was a boy's worn, seal cap in the fashion of forty years ago. A lump rose in Kathleen's throat at the pathetic picture.

"Gran," she cried, deep entreaty for forgiveness in the tenderly spoken word; but the closed eyes did not open with their ever-ready smile of welcome for that one sweet voice.

"Gran," she called again, with a shriek of anguished terror, as she sank on her knees beside the still figure, for she knew only too well by the swiftness of the cold clutch on her own heart that the other was silent forever, and she felt a sickening loathing at her too late protestations of love and devotion.

Kathleen had rushed impulsively home, filled with sudden-born schemes of labor whereby she might save those now doubly-dear withered hands, but man proposes and God his Master chooses to do otherwise, and to her lips came the prayer hardest for human nature to utter—"Thy will be done!"

CHAPTER VI.

"THE POLITICS OF DESPAIR."

Good old Mrs. Dwyer had done well for her grandchild by living, but she did still better by dying, for it brought out all the latent womanly strength in Kathleen's character.

In that one summer of long ago, when the little Irish-Canadian boy had been her playfellow, he had unconsciously suggested ideas which now proved of material use to her as a bread-winner.

Many a time as the children wandered aimlessly in and out among the very primitively decorated churches and public buildings, Billie would point out to Kathleen some graceful carving or touch of delicate coloring, deriving his good taste from the truth of the work to its model in nature, thereby unwittingly following Ruskin's principle of true art, the transmitting into stone and wood what is real, and not what is but grotesque imagination.

Poverty debarred Billie Whelan's entrance into halls where money had gathered the reprints of the world's manifold charms, but Nature, born free from the original sin of cupidity, threw wide her doors and bade the humble boy look up at her skies, of which no brush has quite caught the daily melting beauty of their ever-changing lights, or the pale, wondrous loveliness of that curtain of night pinned back by the stars, whilst all around him she spread such charming scenes as made the remembrance of a Turner's landscape be as water unto wine. And so from these

few seeds of genuine art had grown a love for artistic surroundings even beyond the usual instincts of a refined woman.

After the first pangs of poignant grief for her grandparent had given way to gentle sorrow, Kathleen, examining the state of their domestic finances, found that though the liabilities were a cipher the assets were the same.

It was evident that something must be done. Judging from the daily thronged consulting room and the scores of urgent calls, Harry was making plenty of money, yet he was neither spending upon personal comforts nor was he meeting household expenditures. Kathleen had a faint suspicion that the Fenian Brotherhood, so much talked of lately, was drawing Harry and his money into its alluring mirage; but, having no sympathy with the organization, she was too proud to ask for information where he did not volunteer to give it.

And Harry, because of this reserve on the part of his sister, could not open his mind and let her see how his generous heart was beating high with almost uncontrollable enthusiasm at the prospect of even being a unit in the liberation of Ireland. Yet when he saw her resolutely put her sensitively-nurtured feelings in the background, and calmly present to the public her card, "Kathleen Dwyer, House Art Decorator," he well-nigh forgot his Fenian oath, and was about to meet her at the gate with his weekly contribution of fifty dollars to the Cause.

But the surging enthusiasm of the spirit of '66 was upon him, and second thoughts made him reason that

Kathleen had as much right to help the Cause as the Irish-born servant across the way, who cheerfully yielded up her hard-earned weekly stipend; and he but grew indignant with his handsome sister, who seemed to despise everything Irish.

"Why," concluding his mental soliloquy with a flush of triumph, "in less than a year I shall be able to present Kathie with a thousand dollars of Irish Republican bonds."

Fenianism was aflame all over the United States, and we might go further and say that it existed wherever an Irishman stood, be his allegiance what it might. If retributive justice were not too gentle a phrase by which to describe the recoil against Britain's treatment of Ireland, it would depict the American Fenian uprising, the temper and impetus that gave it force. England had filled the Western continent with men and women burning for vengeance upon the power which had hunted them like so many wild animals from their own land. And now the country to which they had been driven fitted them, by muscle and brain, to help drive out from Ireland the hated invader.

"America was lost by Irish emigrants," declared Lord Mountjoy in a speech made in the British House of Commons, 1874; he was then Mr. Gardner, not having attained to the peerage. Did not that band of wealthy Irish colonials, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, tax itself in sums surprisingly large to assist the sorely-straitened Republican army? And that same patriotic society from whom Washington accepted an invitation to become an honorary member,

and who was entered as an 'adopted Irishman,' did it not start a Hope Chest for Ireland when the beloved little Maid of Erin would be wedded to Freedom and "set up houskeeping for herself,"—attain national independence like to that of the American Republic?

However, not every Irishman agreed with the tenets of the Brotherhood, but they were the few who saw that it was an impossible scheme to wage a successful war upon England while she was at peace with the rest of the world. It was the politics of despair.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES STEPHENS, C. O. I. R.

It was Thursday evening, and Dr. Dwyer boarded the late train for New York. Arriving at the bustling metropolis, he first attended to an important private matter, then quickly made his way to the organization's rooms, as it was already past the time appointed for the meeting. Some six hundred of the Brotherhood were assembled, and looking around he sensed from the darkened faces of these determined men that trouble was brewing somewhere.

The meeting had not yet opened, and the men were in groups discussing a speech which James Stephens had delivered when he arrived in New York a few days previous, and just following his alleged escape from a British prison. And, oh! the cheers that echoed to his stirring declaration:

"Irish hearts can pierce through walls of adamant, lined with British bullets."

The words had thrilled the Irish breast, surcharged as it is with generations of hereditary animosity toward England; but tonight someone had whispered a doubt of its being so much "Irish hearts" as "English gold," where Stephens was concerned, and low murmurs followed. As always occurs when one dissenting voice is raised, another follows in its train, and warm words tossed the pros and cons very freely. And yet, this was Stephens' own faction, the "men of action," they styled themselves.

Perhaps, owing to Mr. Debney's few words, Harry's eyes were opened to a truer understanding of affairs, and he saw that if O'Mahony were unsatisfactory in his everlasting hesitation, still, his doings were above-board, and his own words that he "deceived no man" were true beyond dispute; while on the other hand, the intricate twistings of the subtle mind of Stephens were hard to follow; yet Dr. Dwyer adhered to the more apparently go-ahead Stephens.

It was a motley gathering, but the young physician felt no disdain for the illiteracy so apparent among the members; instead, he saw in it but another, and deeper score to be wiped out against hated Albion which had deprived those men of the means to cultivate their natural first-class abilities, and so fit themselves to be something more than the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the early sixties. Following the repudiation of the Treaty of Limerick did not the violators of the solemn pledge add this additional act to the already severe penal laws in force against the Catholics of Ireland, "that Catholic parents be deprived of the means of educating their children at home or abroad"?

Silence fell upon the crowd when the door opened, and a medium-sized, stocky man with fair beard and steel blue eyes, the last seeming never to rest a single moment—James Stephens, chief organizer of the Irish Republic—entered and took the chair.

It was not long before the new-born suspicions of the men were lulled to rest by their leader's magnetic presence, and they trustingly went through with the meeting, at his suggestion even appointing some extra

committees in which the names of Corydon, Nagle and Massey figured. There was the usual closing request for money with which to purchase war materials, and the leader left the room with a Frenchman named Clauseret, who was to be placed at the head of ten thousand Fenians when the right time would come.

At the treasury desk, the representatives from outside centers were pouring in the money from various towns. As Dr. Dwyer drew near, Nagle Thompson of the Finance Committee entered into conversation with him, displaying an uncommon amount of knowledge of Harry's friends, especially George Debney. "Could Mr. Debney not be induced to join the Brotherhood? He is so influential, shrewd, rich. It would help the Cause in more ways than one."

Harry truthfully told him that there was no hope of securing Mr. Debney's support, as not a drop of Celtic blood ran in his veins; and finally, that his friend disapproved of the plan altogether. Nagle's persistence succeeded in persuading Dr. Dwyer to deliver a letter from him to Mr. Debney, and, also, a promise to bring the reply to the next meeting.

As Harry expected, Mr. Debney emphatically declined the invitation, scathingly denouncing the Brotherhood as "a parcel of fools and knaves who would only bring ridicule and misery upon that Cause which was so blindly upheld by some, and behind which others sheltered their trickery"; then, with unusual vehemence, he flung off an answer to Nagle Thompson not good to read. Harry would have retorted no less hotly, had he not himself broached

the subject of the Fenian Invasion, for Mr. Debney, like Kathleen, would never have spoken of his own volition.

As the weeks went by, the blood of the Fenian Brotherhood rose to fever heat. Stephens had been forced to stand aside and allow Col. W. R. Roberts to assume command, while O'Mahony had taken things into his own hands, and on the thirty-first of March was to set sail for the base of operations, Campo Bella, and there to hoist the green flag of the Irish Republic.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORGED CHECK.

But over the pretty home of the Dwyers trouble was darkly flapping her heavy wings. A check bearing George Debney's signature, which had been promptly declared a forgery by the owner of the name, had lately been cashed by a New York bank. The check was made payable to the order of Harry Dwyer, and to all appearances written in his own distinctive handwriting. Matters looked unpleasant for Harry, as the date and hour of presenting the check tallied exactly with the time intervening between his arrival in New York and his appearance at the club—and he flatly refused to say where he had been in the meantime. Though the characters of the forged name passed muster in a busy bank, they were found upon closer examination to be identical with Dr. Dwyer's penmanship. George Debney disowned the check, offering twice its value to the legal sleuth who would bring to justice that culprit who had dared to use unlawfully a name which had never before been lightly treated.

Meanwhile Kathleen lived and worked, as every human being must, shaping his own course independent of all other revolving figures, each in his respective circuit; so that we verily believe that were it possible for one to obtain even a birdseye view of this planet, alive with its men and women, actuated by their light of good and evil, and acting accordingly, he would never again enjoy a sane moment.

Miss Dwyer's business of art decorating was a phenomenal success, the usual tribute America pays to new ideas that are practical. To be sure there was a considerable amount of unfriendly criticism set afloat by would-be competitive men—women had not then entered the commercial world; but Kathleen turned a deaf ear and the satire glanced harmlessly off her strong, smooth shield of calm indifference.

A fashionable women's club, called the "Muses," had just been established, and the members having determined upon erecting a sumptuous hall for their own dainty use, they fortunately gave the contract to Miss Dwyer. With an unlimited supply of money at her disposal, and an artistic head to direct, small wonder that when completed the "Muses" was a beautiful and realistic illustration of the exquisitely told poem of "Woman's Rights" across the arch:

"Whereon a woman's statue rose with wings
From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;
And this inscription ran along across the front,
'Let no man enter in on pain of death'."

Within was a court:

"Compact with lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers,
The Muses and the Graces, grouped in threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst."

It made her noted at a bound, but daily work was still necessary to support that fame which seldom endures but on a baser pedestal. Young brides did not consider their new homes complete if over all could not be seen Miss Dwyer's inimitable touch. But

even money and honest fame rarely protect a woman from the double edge of society's long, polished Damoclean sword, which is hung just low enough to wound, whilst cruelly withheld from a more merciful instantaneous death. Kathleen was bidden to their elegant homes as in former times; but among the guests of those friends whose invitations she accepted were women either with matrimonial markets yet to the fore, who were envious of the charms which Nature for once provided against fickle fortune, or as mothers of these same young women would willingly stoop to dishonorable tactics if they could thereby bar the door against such a rival of their daughters.

In all Canton not one man was the object of so much solicitous speculation by these same women as Mr. Debney. He was the best "catch" of the day; a man of whom the entire city was proud, and of whom society's parlors were equally so, as a wealthy and cultured guest.

"What is the matter with Canton's charming girls," an outsider would ask, "that they cannot see a good bargain and secure it?"

Only George Debney himself, with his impassive air, could have answered, and perhaps another might have whispered the secret to herself, for be sure it would find no other confidant. Still, anyone interested in amateur detection might have noticed that Mr. Debney was rarely absent from a gathering where Miss Dwyer might be met; but that same interested Paul Pry must not draw an affirmative conclusion regarding "Love's young dream" between these two.

It requires oxygen and hydrogen to bring about a certain result, but the first without the other ends in nothing, so also love and indifference. George Debney was not the man to be deceived into believing that because he could supply an abundance of affection, none was needed on the other side; like all calm, deep natures, the passions so well controlled were but the stronger and would not mate with a weaker soul. He loved Kathleen to such an extent that none but she, he vowed, would ever be his wife. And so the pretty humming birds might don their sweetest smiles as they billed and cooed around him; he was only amused at their tiny efforts to reach the rich honey of his heart and home—he had locked it securely away 'til the day when his gray-eyed lady love would willingly come to share the golden store.

Kathleen, as she stood one evening attired in black velvet and Limerick lace, ready for Col. Sharp's "at home," saw not the lovely woman her glass reflected for her thoughts mirrored another form. With a sigh she lifted a plain gold locket, and touching the spring looked long and wistfully at a pictured face, dark and heavy, and a few petals of dead roses. A woman's tender heart was on her lips as she pressed them to the withered petals, but the pictured face, she simply laid against her flushed cheek, then closing the golden trinket, clasped its slender chain around her neck. Some three hours later Kathleen was seated girl-like upon the side of her bed, with the locket unopened in her hand. Her thoughts date this time, not so far back as they did in the early part of the evening; they wander to the house she has just left.

Colonel Sharp and his wife were friends tried and true, but why had she gone to their house to meet so much humiliation, when she might have remained at home and thus escaped it all? As Kathleen sat questioning herself she took no mental survey of the pleasant part; how her cameo beauty of face and charming grace of carriage had drawn admiring men around, which, woman-like, she had enjoyed to the utmost; she only took that part as her right. It was while holding her little court that she saw advancing toward her the same woman who had worn her grandmother's "Limerick lace."

Mrs. Mackron, such was the lady's name, bowed graciously to Mr. Debney, asking him at the same time if he had found any trace of the recent forger? With a quick glance at Kathleen's yet unconscious face, he answered, "No, Mrs. Mackron, I have scarcely had time to think of anything apart from the Charity Ball, for which you ladies have so cruelly pressed me into service."

But Mrs. Mackron was not to be turned aside. "How unfortunate, that Dr. Dwyer should have been in New York on that particular night," she sweetly resumed the attack.

"You she-fiend," ground Mr. Debney between his teeth; but aloud he suavely replied, "Nothing unfortunate about my friend being in New York on that particular day. He told me that he met your brother, Arthur Hunt, at the hotel on that same day. Does Mr. Hunt purpose accepting the post offered him at Washington?"

With the smile of a baffled, but not vanquished hyena, the woman turned to Kathleen, who with quivering lips was trying to form the usual brilliant sallies uttered in a ball room, while she listened with petrifying amazement to the conversation between the two.

"Ah, Miss Dwyer, please call tomorrow forenoon, as I wish to consult you about the renovation of my drawing room. There is too much Fenian color in it and I must have it changed. You may name your own price." There was not a man standing by but wished that the speaker were of his own sex, that he might force the venomous tongue to apologize; but woman's wit was better, and Kathleen simply answered, "Mrs. Mackron, my business card reads, '*Ladies' Orders Promptly Attended To,*' so *you* cannot, I am sure, expect me tomorrow." But after the painful scene was ended, Kathleen's brain was racked by the memory of Harry's irreproachable name being coupled with the terrible word—*forgery*.

What could it mean? But though Mr. Debney set aside his guise, and made himself almost noticeable in his assiduous attentions, Kathleen could not find a chance to ask for an explanation; and as he handed her into her carriage, the tender care he showed only made her all the more heartsore. She thought of George Debney as she looked at the locket, and gave a sigh for "what might have been" if another life had not touched hers.

This hero-worship had begun that day twenty years ago, when the little Kathleen, in all the simplicity of innocent childhood, told a dark-faced boy-orator that she "loved him." It had grown into enthusiastic

admiration when that same boy-orator, now a man in years, waved good-bye to a slip of a school-girl from a ship carrying him to join the gallant men of '48.

But it began to bear its fruit of mature sorrow when she stood a radiant woman and drained her cup of bitter-sweet, as in the midst of admiring countrymen she had listened to D'Arcy McGee delivering his last American oration before crossing to Canada to become leader of the Federation party.

In his hand were the American beauties that had been presented to him, and as he passed out, with an Irishman's inherent admiration for a pretty colleen, offered them to Kathleen, saying, "Like to like, Miss Dwyer." She bent her fitly compared flower face over the blooming roses, and when she raised it, the touch of feeling had disappeared, and extending her hand, said:

"Good-bye, Mr. McGee. May success attend you and yours." And he with a light laugh and a pleasant word passed unconsciously by a suffering human heart, as numberless others before and since have done.

Through the passing years she often heard of the brilliant Irish-Canadian statesman, whose absence from the House of Parliament rendered it as the day without sun and night without moon and stars; and a gentle prayer was constantly offered for the welfare of the beloved wife and children who were making the great man's domestic life a very happy one.

As the past rose before her, another face grew in the grey picture. It was that of Billie Whelan, the

Irish boy from Canada. She had met him several times, for like the true gentlewoman she was, she showed nothing but courtesy to her humble friend who though living where all the opportunities for bettering himself lay around him, was still standing upon a low rung of the ladder. Kathleen almost smiled as she contrasted her two devoted admirers, George Debney and Patrick William Whelan, the one the antithesis of the other.

CHAPTER IX.

A STREET INCIDENT.

The following day Kathleen directed her steps toward the north end of the city, her purpose being to make a business call upon an Episcopalian bishop with reference to the decorating of his new home, for being desirous of having his surroundings in harmony with his calling, he had selected Miss Dwyer's refined designs in preference to the rich gaudiness of less artistic decorators.

It was one of those delightful spring days when mere existence is a pleasure, and Kathleen was enjoying all the beauty of the morning as she walked leisurely beneath the shade of the trees fringing the roadway, when suddenly a series of quick, childish shrieks rent the air. Hurrying around the corner Kathleen saw in the midst of a rapidly-increasing crowd a sickening sight—a ragged, dirty little negro boy vainly trying to beat off a savage bull-dog. Down one thin arm, at which the animal had made a snap, trickled a stream of blood. With eyes showing nothing but white, the lad was, nevertheless, putting up a good fight; but his strength would have been of little use if the brute had taken a bull-dog's strategic leap at his throat.

As often happens, when needed no policeman was in sight, though the screams of the women standing by were sufficiently loud to summon a regiment of soldiers. With a lithe, panther-like spring Kathleen leaped upon the snarling brute, and lacing her long,

flexible fingers 'round the rough neck, leaned her solid weight of one hundred and thirty pounds upon the dog, and bore it to the ground, as with a yell of relieved fear the rescued 'Rastus tore down the street.

Just then a uniformed officer of the law appeared and with wonderful prescience drew his pistol. As his hand touched the trigger a man at his elbow shouted hoarsely, "My God, man, don't you see you may miss the dog and shoot the girl!"

With as swift a movement as Kathleen had made, George Debney was beside her, and until his dying day the scene will be stamped upon his memory—the heavy, ugly brute on the verge of madness, his hanging mouth covered with foam, and across his palpitating body the tense form of a girl, her light gown flecked with blood and dust. Kathleen heard the passionate cry of George Debney, and raising her eyes found him stooping over her, white to the lips.

"Take my scarf, George, and knot it 'round his neck."

He caught her meaning, but not thus would he use that which had lain around her precious white throat; instead, he drew forth his own large handkerchief. Tighter and tighter he pulled the slip-knot, and as the taut fingers relaxed so did the mind directing them, for, woman-like, when no longer needed Kathleen swooned.

Before parting with Mr. Debney, Kathleen endeavored for a second time to obtain an explanation regarding the forgery. And it was a relief for the man to find that the sister's implicit trust in her brother's integrity, which he, too, shared, saved her

from realizing the enormity of the crime which suspicion, though veiled, was directing toward Dr. Harry. But when later in the morning she entered her brother's office and found him seated listlessly at his desk, an expression of utter weariness on his face, the deep lines showing what had hitherto been hidden by the bright, genial air with which he met the world, she recalled with a remorseful pang that her good resolutions for her grandmother had come too late. Was it to be so again? But this time her own name was quickly spoken:

"Well, Kathie, you have been away quite a while; you look somewhat tired. Ah, me, I wish things were different."

"Never mind, Harry, some things shall be different, and you and I will both have rest," the girl answered, as seating herself on a low rocker near him, she leaned her head with a childish caress against his brown coat sleeve.

"I hope so. God knows I have done all for the best," and a world of honest justification lay in tone and words, "but," he continued in a more cheery strain, "let us talk of something else, or I shall be shifting my share of the blues to your woman's shoulders. How did 'My Lord' receive you? With bell, book and candle? He has a leaning that way."

"Oh, I did not reach the episcopal residence; I had an adventure on the way that made me for a short space of time the center of attraction to a street crowd."

Her brother stared. Kathleen might be the center of attraction to a room full of well bred people, but

to conceive a situation in which his reserved sister would allow herself to be unduly noticed in the broad highway was preposterous.

To help smooth away those unsightly wrinkles in the dear brother's face, Kathleen lightly sketched the morning's occurrence. But when she mentioned Mr. Debney's name the harassed lines came into full play, and Kathleen determined to probe to the bottom.

"Harry, was George Debney's name forged to a check last week?"

"Yes."

"In New York?"

"Yes."

"Was the date of the forgery the same day that you were there?"

"Yes."

"Harry, do you know who did it?"

"Don't ask so many questions, Kathleen, about what does not concern you."

"But it does concern me; George Debney is our friend."

"Yes," said her brother, with a note of pain in his voice, "I am his friend; will he call me his?"

"What nonsense, Harry! Why should he not be proud to do so? Friendship is not a hot-house plant to chill at the first cold breath blowing through doors left ajar by some malicious outsider. The friendship between you and George is, indeed, of a hardy growth that has stood the uncertain winds of twenty years."

The young man made no reply, but arose, thrust his hands into his pockets and crossed to the window, where he stood with compressed lips looking out upon

the busy, heedless street. But the girlish cross-examiner had not yet finished with her uncommunicative witness.

"Harry, do you know that evil tongues say you did it?"

"Yes."

At that, the Celtic family spirit which afterward fired her brother's heart and nerved his hand when he stood on Ridgeway Heights, leaped into the sister's eyes as she cried:

"Then why not give those people the lie?"

"Because I cannot."

"Harry! Harry!" All her indignation giving away to an indescribable dread. "You would not surely have me to understand that my father's son has held a forger's pen and stolen the name of his best friend, for I would not believe it!"

"Fear not for your father's name, Kathleen. I shall never be the one to drag its stainless record through the mire of dishonesty. But for the love you bear that same father's memory, do not speak of this again."

With one of her rare impulses of affection, Kathleen went to her brother, and winding her arm around his neck, kissed the troubled brow with her sweet, brave lips, thus lovingly sealing her covenant of quiet trust.

CHAPTER X.

THE LADIES' CIRCLE.

But if Kathleen had agreed to cease questioning, she had not promised not to think and act. All along she had held to the utter futility of a successful issue of the Fenian Invasion scheme. It was not altogether lack of fealty, as measured by the degree such conservative characters as hers bear the land of their forefathers; she simply had none of her brother's ardent Irish-American enthusiasm which would make all peoples free as his own native country, more especially those of the beloved cradleland of his race. When the uprising of Easter Week occurred there were many Kathleen Dwyers in America to decry it as being on a par with the Fenian Uprising of '66. Yet, without doubt Irishmen remembering how many "good Fenians" America had held then, relied upon their descendants standing with them now, and if more wisely than in the past, also a hundredfold stronger because of the influence, wealth and numerical strength attained by them during the intervening years. And the Irish overseas have not counted wrong; the American Fenian bullet of '66 has been replaced by the more effective Sinn Fein ballot of '21.

Perhaps, if Kathleen had been less true to Ireland she might have allowed prejudice to deny any good whatever in the movement. For, while she saw thousands of educated men like her brother ready to sacrifice life and home to win Ireland's freedom, and a still greater number of humble laborers going almost

hungry to their day's work to help swell their contribution to the Circle fund, she saw, also, unscrupulous men working upon the passions of those honest Irish-Americans—that they, themselves, might live in luxury—by recalling the wrongs of centuries, wrongs which a strong nation had gloried in inflicting upon a weaker one whose pride of spirit but inflamed the corrosive sting. She felt how vain would be her advice when the Church of his race was unheeded when it warned that naught but misery and death would follow uprisings where the physical force of a limited army was pitted against England's vast resources of money and men.

Once she did venture to remonstrate, and her brother assured her that the "Fenians here had America at their back, as was evidenced by the secret help sent them by both political parties." But Kathleen reasoned that the American Government did not really intend plunging into another war, though it were with a nation which had tried to sever the Union. Were there not enough of her gallant sons lying dead upon the fields? Not that America feared the issue, but the ghastly cost.

Harry only answered, "Very well, Kathleen, you are entitled to your opinion, but I will not yield mine until the Cause is lost, and I am taken a prisoner on Canadian ground; and, please God, that shall never be. Why, Kathie, when the day is fought and won, I shall come marching home to Canton waving aloft the flag of the Irish Republic, and the first citizen I shall see will be Kathleen Dwyer draped in green and gold heading a procession of similarly attired 'Daugh-

ters of Erin,' while in the distance a band will play, 'Lo, The Conquering Hero Comes'," and Dr. Harry ended his glowing word-picture with the oft-repeated phrase, "It will be a great day for Ireland."

Kathleen, watching her brother giving his time and his money, saw something more. Around the Irish Head Center, Stephens, who had recently transferred his operations to American soil, were gathered calibre of his ilk. His own countrymen who knew him best characterized Stephens as a man of "marvellous subtlety and wondrous powers of plausible imposition; crafty, cunning, and quite unscrupulous as to the employment of means to an end." In shadow but within easy reach for emergency was a small group of picked men who understood Stephens and whom he in turn understood,—“The Seamy-Side of the Brotherhood,” Kathleen styled them to herself. One of these, she decided, had gone too far when he tampered with a name that was hers; she would remain passive no longer. She would never rest until that same name was as clear before the world as it was before heaven.

A few evenings later Miss Dwyer stood at the entrance to the home of a young woman who, rumor said, was one day to be the happy bride of Dr. Dwyer. Nellie Sales was a vivacious, attractive girl, but Kathleen held her in contempt for allowing herself to be persuaded by Harry into joining the Canton branch of the Ladies' Fenian Aid Circle. She had often tried to induce Nellie to resign her membership, but Cupid despite his angelic contour of softness is a difficult little man for a third party to handle. He shoots his

arrow and there it remains with his willing victim, so Nellie, though somewhat in awe of the stately Miss Dwyer, put down her little feet firmly, and refused to stir. What was her surprise when Kathleen declared her intention of accompanying her, Nellie, to the Circle's meeting that night, and have her name proposed as a member, then go on lightly chatting of odds and ends of gossip, as women will, though the undercurrents of their minds be racing swift and strong.

Unlike Harry's male Circle, where membership was mixed, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, Kathleen saw assembled, not the class of women met in the "Muses," but breadwinners—shop girls, factory workers and in major proportion, domestic help. Nellie saw an instinctive shrinking of the born aristocrat, that from the crown of the well-poised head to the tip of the slender foot seemed to rebel at being brought in contact with coarser texture, yet at Miss Sales' half-apology for the personnel of the society, Miss Dwyer inconsistently replied, "They are Irish women whose paramount virtue fills the complement many a so-called 'lady' lacks."

"Nevertheless," declared Nellie Sales, "I would not for all the brothers in Christendom trouble myself to come among these kind of women every week."

"Neither would I," truthfully answered her companion.

Nellie's pretty, frivolous little face was raised curiously to the new applicant for membership in the Ladies' Circle, but she never did understand Miss Dwyer and was never farther from doing so than at

the present moment. How could she know that Kathleen was that very night beginning the most repugnant task she had ever undertaken that she might save this same little, fair-faced girl the sorrow of some day being refused parental consent to wed a suspected forger? It was true Mr. Debney had tried by every means to hush up the matter, but scandal will surely find some trail along which to wind in its unlovely work of moral assassination.

The Ladies' Circle was delighted with its new acquisition. The members had been gratified with Miss Sales' membership, not because she infused any additional enthusiasm into their meetings, always safely voting with the majority, for never on any single occasion could they remember of having heard her tinkling treble in a "motion"; but as Senator Sales' daughter she lent prestige to the Circle, and what was more, increased the treasury's deposits. But it would be different with Dr. Dwyer's sister, who would necessarily be as one of themselves, for the "Cause" must be as precious to her heart as to his. To be sure, she was coming at the eleventh hour, but as Scripture condoned the tardiness of the laborer, why not they? Yet, they found, somehow, it had been easier to welcome the Senator's daughter with all her wealth and social status, than this tall, graceful woman whose face with its uncommon charm and inscrutable expression rather abashed the meeting.

Kathleen's reserve melted when she witnessed the generosity of these women whose red, work-knarled hands eagerly proffered their half-dollars for the Irish fund, part of which, perhaps a great deal, went

to keep the white hands of some of the Head Center's women folk whiter, if possible, than they already were. But it was not her policy to comment unfavorably, though it were only to Nellie; she might defeat the purpose for which she had come, so silently accepted from the hands of the secretary the following copy of their constitution:

"1. The Ladies' Circle is an organized body of women whose object is the attainment of an Irish government for Ireland.

"2. Ladies, Irish either by birth or descent, are admitted as members of the organization.

"3. Each member must be regular in attendance at meetings, and obedient to the rules.

"4. Each accepted candidate will take the following pledge: I solemnly pledge my sacred word of honor, that I become a member of this Association actuated by honest and patriotic motives; that I will faithfully fulfil my duties of membership; that I will foster and extend feelings of intense and intelligent love of country among Irish men and women.

"5. The organization shall be controlled in chief by a head directress, and each branch by a directress, a secretary and a treasurer.

"6. Meetings shall take place twice a month, at such time and place as shall be deemed most conducive to the interest of the organization. Any member absenting herself from four meetings without valid excuse shall be liable to a fine of fifty cents. Any member constantly absent or careless shall be expelled. Those who wish to join the organization shall

have their names proposed in meeting, and shall be balloted for under the superintendence of the directors.

"7. The initiation fee shall be fifty cents, and the monthly dues twenty-five cents; the balance in the hands of the treasurer being remitted on the twenty-fifth of each month to the Head Center of the Fenian Brotherhood.

"8. The head directress shall be appointed by the chief officer of the Fenian Brotherhood. She shall administer the constitution and by-laws, the directress to give counsel and pronounce decision. She will report on the tenth of each month the condition of the organization to the Head Center of the Fenian Brotherhood.

"9. The directress presides at the meetings. She is elected by the branch, which election must be confirmed by the Head Directress. She will always subject her branch to the regulation established by the constitution and by-laws.

"10. The secretary is, also, elected by her branch. Her duties are keeping the due book, recording the minutes, and the preparation of the report in accordance with the constitution and by-laws. All official papers must have the signature of the directress, the secretary and the treasurer. Upon the twenty-fifth of each month the secretary will prepare her report, the amount of dues remitted to the Head Center of the Fenian Brotherhood, which report shall be dispatched to the Head Directress.

"11. The treasurer is elected by the branch. She will receive all initiation fees and dues, pay all bills

approved by the branch, and remit balance in hand to the Head Center of the Fenian Brotherhood on the twenty-fifth of each month.

"12. Order of business: Payment of dues; reception of new members; reports; miscellaneous business.

"13. In the absence of the directress a presiding officer will be elected *pro tem*."

On Dr. Dwyer learning from Nellie of his sister's "change of front," he gave vent to a low whistle, and when he met Kathleen said, "Surely, this is a good omen when even our enemies are coming over to us, eh, Kathie? You are a true political leader who, seeing his party against him, declares for their wishes, and so saves himself and party an ignoble ousting."

"I am not any more converted to the Fenian raid than I was formerly," she returned coldly.

"What! You are not? Then you must be that abomination in an Irishman's sight, an 'informer'." And though the words were spoken laughingly and with no ulterior meaning whatever on his part, yet Kathleen suddenly stooped with reddening face to search for a lately missing hairpin.

"Harry, supposing I were an 'informer,' what would your association do?"

"We will not suppose you to be such, Kathleen, even by way of illustration; but," and the usually mellow voice grew stern, harsh, "if a man of the order were suspected of playing false to his fellow members, he would be watched, and if found guilty—well, the chances are he would die with his boots on."

"With what terrible men you must associate! Now, I do not wonder at the dark stories we hear about them."

"No, they are not 'terrible' men, Kathleen. They are men who are risking life and liberty for that Cause which they have espoused. But the risk they want to run is in the open field, face to face with a known foe, not in the clubroom where a Judas gives the treacherous kiss to the English bloodhound at the door."

"Harry, you would not sanction shooting any man down in cold blood, informer though he were. Would you not give him a chance for his life, and to fight you equally?"

"And I ask you, would not that spy deserve it if he delivered up not one, but hundreds of comrades for his thirty pieces of English gold? Is a jury considered guilty of murder when it returns a verdict against a proven murderer? But I am speaking of what might happen in Ireland, or Canada, not here. We Americans are free to meet when and where we choose protected by the Ensign of Liberty. Please God, the Invasion will be the thin edge of that wedge which will eventually separate Ireland from her invader and persecutor."

But apparently it did not please the designs of Providence to grant success to the Campo Bella affair, for in a short time the drooping Irish banner turned sadly homeward. The preparation for the expedition might have shown any other than hopeful, valiant Irishmen what a foolhardy undertaking it was. But the Brotherhood was clamoring for action, and

O'Mahony answered to the spur, failed, and was taken in tow by the Government. But this only incited the Brotherhood under their new head, the upright and brave soldier, Col. William R. Roberts, to hasten the grand rally for a Fenian Invasion from another point, at the same time that Ireland would also strike, Stephens solemnly promising, "As surely as I address you today, we shall take the field in Ireland this very year," as if by a double deal to give the treacherous signal to England and cheer the Irish to their doom. Some began to see the unwisdom of such action, but others held on, and all over the country a last great effort was being made.

CHAPTER XI.

MIKE DARVIN.

Meanwhile Kathleen was making good her ground to discover the forger. By a lucky accident, the treasurer of the Ladies' Circle asked for leave of absence, and Fortune favored both the courageous and the fair in this instance when Miss Dwyer was asked to substitute. With a strong will and a clear brain brought to bear upon her project, Kathleen soon prevailed upon the society to allow her sole possession of the funds until double the amount was collected, when she herself would convey it to New York in lieu of the regular method of transmitting it to the Head Center.

The members would as quickly have doubted the integrity of their illustrious patroness, St. Brigid, as to hesitate in acceding to Miss Dwyer's wishes; therefore, her offer was accepted unanimously. One morning, with five hundred dollars, the amount collected, Kathleen, dressed in sober black and heavily veiled, slipped quietly off to New York. Arriving there, she deposited the funds in the Third National Bank, then betook herself to the shop of a noted theatrical costumer, where she spent full two hours.

It was after nightfall in big New York City, and as Nagle Thompson lounged against the bar of a low Bowery saloon, emptying his third glass of trashy whiskey, each draught but creating a burning thirst for another, he was accosted by a rough-looking individual with a decidedly sinister expression, which

seemed to arise from, or be intensified by, a deep scar extending from beneath the left eye and almost reaching to the stubby red beard which covered the lower part of the face. A battered slouch hat was crushed tightly down upon a shock of unkempt straw-color hair, while the tobacco-stained teeth loosely held a short, well-seasoned clay pipe. The right hand was bandaged in a dirty, white rag, upon which splashes of dull red gave evidence of a severe wound, the result, no doubt, of some recent encounter. Neither was the left hand entirely free from nasty cuts, though a half-fingerless glove protected the unwashed digits. A pair of heavy, ill-fitting brogues gave an ugly, shambling aspect to an already hitching gait.

Altogether it was an unwholesome specimen of Irish humanity by which Nagle found himself thus addressed: "Paddy, my boy, have something with me "

Nothing loth, Nagle accepted; and as they raised their glasses the stranger said, "Here's to the Chief Organizer of the Irish Republic, and to the devil with his enemies." But just as Nagle's liquor was disappearing with a single gulp, his companion was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which so shook his hand, the left, that the whiskey was spilled over beard and clothes, rendering him a still more unsightly object.

"Bad cess to you for a cough!" he angrily cried, when he recovered his breath; "here, waiter, bring out your jar," throwing down a half-dollar; then, to Nagle, "Fill up again, Pat. An Irishman never drinks alone."

Again Nagle filled, his eyes dancing all manner of lights, and once more the stranger met with ill-luck, for with the relish of the genuine toper, as he stood eyeing the brown liquid and thereby prolonging the pleasure, a noise outside made him dash to the door, saying, "That's the Chief himself, passing." When the stranger returned to his place, his glass was empty.

Soon the smoky, ill-smelling room was filled with men; occasionally the last remnant of what was once womanhood would enter, and placing her can and nickle, push herself still further down the slippery grade. Many a toast was tossed off to the success of the "Fenian Brotherhood," and many a deep curse was loudly uttered against the "British Government." The loudest and deepest were from the lips of Nagle Thompson, who lead the chorus of maledictions and heartily returned the men's hand-clasps, as they in their heated desire to help the "Cause," emptied their pockets into his, as they knew him to be high in favor with the Head Center, Stephens.

Then Nagle turned to the misshapen stranger, Mike Darvin, for his offering, but the latter answered in a whisper of jangling Irish that he had a bigger pile waiting if he would come with him. Something in tone and words made Nagle Thompson understand that there was a veiled meaning behind the invitation, and that two birds of a feather had met, so, calling "good-night, boys," he sallied out into the darkness with his new friend.

Mike Darvin led the way through narrow streets and down deserted alleys, until he reached a low, ram-

shackle terrace, where an odor of decaying vegetables seemed to arise from every nook. Drawing out his latch-key, the two worthies entered.

A small fire smouldering in the rusty stove only helped to make the room more desolate, as its straggling light showed a wooden table with two of its original supports replaced by blocks of wood. A couple of yellow-painted chairs, and an uncleaned cuspidore completed the furniture, save a high-poster bed, the dingy valance serving as a drapery to the room's sole wardrobe. The sputtering candle, thrust into the neck of a black bottle, cast its flickering, but pure gleams across the men's faces, the stranger's showing a passionate ugliness, as it appeared to lie more in shadow. Mike Darwin first obtained, with little urging, an oath of secrecy from Nagle before proceeding to unfold his plans.

"A certain sum of money, say five hundred dollars, has been deposited today in the Third National Bank of this city, to be left there some three days, when it is to be drawn and passed over to the Head Directress of the Ladies' Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood. Now, I must have that money, and you must get it for me."

Nagle made no motion, but the stranger knew that he was following every word, and continued: "You do the work and I will pay you for your time."

"How much?"

"Half."

"No, Mike Darwin: if I am to run the risk I must be paid accordingly."

"There will be no more risk than there was in the Debney business."

Nagle's blood-shot eyes gave a sudden roll.

"What is that affair to you?"

"Only this, if I did not know that it was your smooth hand which did the neat job, I would have looked elsewhere for my man; but, aware of your results, and being certain, also, that you would not object to another chance of turning an honest penny, I hunted you up."

"What's the name?"

"Kathleen Dwyer."

"Holy Saint Patrick!" gasped Nagle; "what devilment has thrown me in the way of harming that family again?"

"Be thankful for the lucky chance; some other time it may be someone else," comfortably consoled the stranger.

"Tell me," Nagle said, "how did you get hold of the 'pointers'?"

"Why, just this way. I have a sweetheart, though you may not believe it, who lives in Canton, and belongs to the Ladies' Fenian Circle, and a steady member she is, giving half her monthly wages, earned as head cook in Mayor Smith's family, to the 'Cause'; the balance she sends to her old parents in Ireland. Ah, but she is the fine girl—but as I was saying, she told me about Miss Dwyer being treasurer for a time, and of the amount she was taking to New York. Then some good angel, perhaps St. Brigid's spirit, suggested the possibility of my getting a slice of it, with the aid of your clever fingers to steal the juicy pie."

Fully five minutes followed, when naught could be heard but the regular ticking of Nagle's big hunting watch, while two pairs of eyes gazed steadily into each other's, when the silence was broken by Nagle's thick voice: "'Tis a bargain; here's my hand on it."

But the stranger, as he moved the candle a little, said: "I cannot offer my right, and the left is not lucky; but here's to our success," drawing out of his breast pocket a flask of dark glass. Rather impolitely he raised it to his own lips first, took an apparently long and delicious pull, then passed it to his companion, whose face soon showed more evident signs of the warming beverage than did Mike Darwin's. Producing writing materials, a bank book and the alleged sweetheart's card of membership, upon which Kathleen Dwyer's name was signed as treasurer, the stranger placed all before his accomplice.

Nagle bent his besotted face over the delicate tracery, then drawing the bank check to him, filled it out, payable to the bearer, signed in full, Kathleen Dwyer. Not by the lifting of a finger did his companion interrupt the scratching of the pen, but when Nagle was about to lay it down he shoved another slip in front of the scoundrel, saying, "Sign your own name to this, no forgery this time."

"I, Nagle Thompson, promise to pay Mike Darwin, one day after date, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, that being half the amount of the check to which I forged the name of Kathleen Dwyer."

"And where is the counter-note for my safety?"

"Sure, that is not needed; you will have the money; 'tis a mere matter of form."

Nagle Thompson signed, knowing very well that the uncouth stranger trusted him no farther than he himself would the other.

As the great clock of the city struck the weird hour of two in the morning, Mike Darvin was letting Nagle Thompson through the sagging doorway out upon the streets of New York, and the pure-faced moon and untainted stars must have protested against the desecration of the pious Irish benediction, as it fell from the forger's lips when he bade his companion good night.

At the same time, and at the same table, the following evening, Nagle Thompson handed over to Mike Darvin two hundred and fifty dollars as the agreed part of the compact.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUGHT.

James Stephens, seated in his comfortable office, was carefully examining the last month's financial reports just forwarded him, when he was told by his clerk that a lady desired to see him.

"Show her in," he said, and went on reading, without the preparation of removing either hat or cigar; for this man displayed scant courtesy to the Irish women who usually visited his office—they were only poor, honest working girls, so why trouble about them? When he turned leisurely to salute his caller one glance brought the would-be gallant to his feet, and with a quick movement he laid aside hat and cigar and bowed low before the beautiful visitor who stood before him wearing the distinctive air of a gentlewoman.

"Pray, be seated, madam; and may I ask whom I have the honor of receiving?"

"Kathleen Dwyer," was the reply in a voice soft and gentle.

"The sister of Dr. Dwyer, our esteemed friend and co-laborer?" and he cordially extended his hand.

Miss Dwyer barely permitted her slim fingers to meet it, as she briefly returned, "Yes, I am Dr. Dwyer's sister."

A somewhat heavy silence followed, broken by Mr. Stephens, saying, "A recent report says you are treasurer, just now, for the Circle of patriotic ladies in Canton."

"It is with regard to this same office of treasurer that I am here this morning."

"Indeed. Then I am doubly pleased with that society since it has afforded me this pleasure," making a courtly bow.

But Kathleen saw that the wily organizer was but gaining time by compliments, so plunged into the matter of her business, stating how she had five hundred dollars of the Circle's funds which she herself had brought to New York and deposited in the Third National Bank until the arrival of Miss O'Hare, the Head Directress, from Chicago; and on applying at the bank she found that yesterday it had cashed a check bearing her signature and made payable to bearer, for the full amount.

During the recital of the grave transaction, Stephens' steely eyes grew narrower and narrower, while his white, shapely hand closed and unclosed over the arm of his chair; but, though his active brain was working with lightning rapidity, he merely said: "Very unfortunate, Miss Dwyer. You have had enough trouble with the money without this extra annoyance; but just at present there is such a multitudinous amount of business on hand that I shall be forced to let it rest awhile."

"But I cannot let it rest, Mr. Stephens, even for one hour. No time must be lost, or the criminal may escape and I should then be obliged to return to Canton without a receipt from the Head Directress, and that I will not do."

"Then why not place it in the hands of the proper authorities? I am no detective, employed to look after

stolen money," Mr. Stephens answered in an acid voice, annoyed upon finding that Miss Dwyer's was a will not easily turned aside.

"For the reason, Mr. Stephens, that I believe your co-operation in this matter will prove of more utility than a dozen of New York's cleverest Pinkerton men."

"I shall be glad to assist you, Miss Dwyer, in any way you may suggest. An Irishman always harkens to a lady in distress."

For a moment the girl hid her expressive eyes beneath their dark drapery, lest he might see her opinion of his character reflected therein, and then said, "I believe it is one of the Brotherhood who forged the note, and further, that he is a member of the 'Inner Circle'."

"Pray, quiet my impatience, Miss Dwyer, by giving me the name of the man whom you suspect."

"Nagle Thompson."

"Hush, girl, be careful of what you say; honest men's names are not to be treated lightly."

"You say truly, Mr. Stephens, 'honest men's names are not to be treated lightly,'" and for the first time Kathleen's cool cheeks grew warm, and the blue-gray eyes flashed with indignation. "And for that reason," she continued, "I demand you send immediately for Nagle Thompson, that I may charge him to his face for the double forging of names his tainted tongue should never have dared to utter."

Never before had anyone seen Kathleen Dwyer allow her feelings of indignation to give way to such an outburst; but there had been a long, hidden strain

on a proud nature accused of wrong, for her brother's honor was hers, and when she felt that justice was at hand, allowed her thoughts to have voice, since actions were no longer necessary. And, despite all James Stephens' innate double-dealing, he recognized Kathleen's honest wrath, and respected her for it. From the first moment he had suspected one of that small group of men whom because of conveniently lax morals, he had gathered around his own person, and thought, if possible, to avert the scandal. But he saw that Kathleen was in earnest. Besides, her words recalled a similar story which he had heard, of Dr. Dwyer being accused of forgery, though no one believed him guilty.

"Very well, Miss Dwyer, it shall be as you wish; but a word in time—do not provoke a man of Nagle Thompson's calibre too far," for, somehow, Stephens shuddered at a possible picture of that shining golden hair lying low, clotted with the blood of an assassin's stroke. He need not have feared Miss Dwyer's bandying words with a forger.

In answer to Mr. Stephens' summons Nagle soon appeared, for he was always in close attendance upon his chief, and so ingrained was the rascal's deep-dyed villainy, that not a muscle betrayed him when he met the girl, whose name he had a second time tried to blacken. James Stephens was evidently accustomed to explaining awkward questions, so it did not take him many minutes to lay the plain state of the case before Nagle, who at once flatly denied the whole matter. Then Kathleen, in a voice which varied not a tone, told all—from the crime falsely imputed to her

brother to the forging of her own name—and she added that the bank clerk had identified Nagle as being one and the same person who had presented George Debney's check, using the characteristics of Harry's hand that the second crime might likewise be ascribed to her innocent brother.

"That goes to prove nothing," Nagle insolently returned; "if the paper was made payable to the bearer."

"Does it not?" asked Kathleen. "Then does this?" holding up the promissory note given to Mike Darwin the night before, but making sure that Nagle did not get it.

Nagle, seeing the game was up, acknowledged the transaction saying, sneeringly, "So, with all your fine airs, Miss Dwyer, you donned male attire and appeared in one of the lowest dens of New York City."

Just the ghost of a smile flitted across Kathleen's lips. "Yes, it was one of those rare occasions when I hold that the end justifies the means; but, Nagle Thompson, if ever you breathe a syllable of these same means which I took to right a foul wrong, that night you sleep in a convict's cell. Now, hand me over two hundred and fifty dollars, then sign this paper, which is a declaration to George Debney that you, and you alone, on the twenty-fifth of March, 1866, forged his name to a check on the Third National Bank of New York for three hundred dollars; refuse, and before one hour all the true and honest Irishmen that belong to the Brotherhood, and they are legion, shall hear of your perfidy. You know the consequences."

Stephens glanced at the sullen, baffled face of the forger and said, "Do as the girl bids you, Nagle. Not now, of all times, will I have ugly reports circulating about those who are known to be so closely connected with myself; it savors too much 'of measuring one's respectability by the company he keeps,' and the ground at present is showing signs of an uncomfortable upheaval."

Kathleen, listening to this very plain talk, wondered with a beating heart how it would end, whether after all her secret work, she would yet be forced into publicity? But Nagle Thompson answered to his chief's check-rope, and with a muttered curse, signed the document. Then, turning to Stephens, Kathleen bade him witness the signature, but he objected, as he did not wish it to be known that he had any knowledge of his satellites being engaged in such shady work. Kathleen answered his unspoken thoughts. "Do not be afraid, Mr. Stephens, that this paper shall ever meet other eyes than his for whom it is intended. I promise you that, and a Dwyer keeps his word."

As Kathleen was folding up her precious bit of paper, Nagle spoke: "It is your innings now, my lady, but some time you shall feel the consequences of this day's work. Nagle Thompson never forgets."

But Kathleen would not show the "white feather," though inwardly she trembled at the covert threat and returned: "You may, as you insinuate, harm the lives that are dear to me; but even *that* shall not balance what I have wrested from you today—the unsullied honor of my father's name."

CHAPTER XIII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

"Harry, dear, it is all over. I have brought you the long-desired rest," and a tired head dropped on the man's shoulder, whilst deep, hysteric sobs shook the tall, slender figure.

"What in heaven's name is the matter, Kathleen?" cried her brother, excitedly, for he knew that something unusual must have happened so to upset his sister's steady nerves. But he only stroked the bowed head until the sobs grew less, then gently drawing her to a chair, asked her to tell him all about it. On and on went Kathleen, telling how, from the first, she had suspected one of the Inner Circle of the Brotherhood had done it; that she, learning Harry had delivered a letter to George Debney from Nagle Thompson, had her suspicions deepened; and following up the trail, she had discovered Nagle's aptness at imitative penmanship. With that for a clew, she next went to the bank and learned that the personal description of the bearer of the spurious check agreed with that of Nagle Thompson. She had also guessed from Harry's manner that he, too, suspected one of the Brotherhood; but through a dislike to bringing the splendid order, because of one renegade, into disrepute, he had allowed himself, through a mistaken generosity, to lie under the disgraceful insinuation, save by a denial of his guilt to Mr. Debney. Then followed the story of the odd means she took to entrap Nagle. Harry listened without a single interruption,

but at the close, when Kathleen showed him Nagle's confession, she felt repaid for all by her brother's kiss and low-spoken "God bless you, Kathleen." Woman-like, she hid Nagle's black threats in her own breast, and only asked of Harry a solemn promise never to reveal to any human being, George Debney in particular, her part in the affair; for, now that she had gained her end, she shrank with a morbid sensitiveness from allowing any person to know of her masquerade in New York.

When George Debney read the visible proof of Harry's innocence, his face glowed with pleasure. Not that he had ever doubted his friend's word, but his strong sense of right and justice required that he should know the guilty party and place the guilt upon him alone. As to the money loss, that occasioned him not a thought, so keen was the satisfaction he experienced in knowing that the woman he loved would never again feel the brunt of bitter tongues; he knew that without divulging the name of the culprit all defaming hints could be easily silenced.

Kathleen delivered her receipts in full to the Ladies' Circle, and, little by little, absented herself on the plea of press of business. About this time, all things were coming to a head; and the Roberts party issued a command for the union of forces. On the thirty-first day of May, 1866, the Fenian soldiers marched away under the leadership of Col. John O'Neill, one of the bravest and most strategic soldiers that carried a rifle during the Civil War. But the martial aspect of affairs was not encouraging. The American Government, after supplying arms and ammunition at a

very low figure, suddenly withdrew its direct assistance; yet, the British-Canadian press contended that President Andrew Johnson held back the issuance of his proclamation forbidding a breach of the Neutrality Act for *five* days after the Fenian Invasion had taken place, ascribing the President's procedure to the delayed settlement of the Alabama Claims! And the result was that the invading army numbered but five hundred fearless, enthusiastic men.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON RIDGEWAY'S HEIGHTS.

On May thirty-first the small but plucky band crossed from Black Rock and landed at Waterloo; and the first two men who stepped upon British soil with the green flag held aloft in their hands were Colonel Starr and Harry Dwyer. About seven o'clock in the morning, Colonel Starr, with Harry still beside him, commanding the advanced guard, marched quickly forward until he met the advance guard of the English "Redcoats," and bearing down upon them drove them on to where General O'Neill was stationed with his skirmishers.

We all know the end—how, with a sudden turn O'Neill's voice rang out the order of "charge," which was obeyed with that fire and swiftness for which Irish brigades are famous. And the British regulars, with the frightened cry of "cavalry" occasioned by the sight of a mounted Fenian riding quickly through the wood, took to their heels, with General Booker ahead; and, followed by the Fenians, they were chased through Ridgeway town, leaving ammunition and wounded and dying comrades on the field in their mad haste to escape the Irish bullet. In this they were not altogether successful, for many of them carried to their graves the disgraceful stigma of being shot in the back.

Indeed, so disgraceful was the rout of the British Redcoats that a military court of inquiry was held the following July in Hamilton, Ontario, and presided

over by the Commander-in-Chief of the British army in Canada. "We heard some cheering," testified Captain John Gardner of the Queen's Own, "thought it was our men cheering and making a dash on the enemy. It was the Fenians!"

Yes, it was the brave Men in Green, bearing aloft the Sunburst of Irish Freedom, the Irish flag, who were shouting as they drove the Redcoats ahead, the same soul-stirring cry which nerved their brother Celts on the victorious field of Fontenoy, "Erin go Bragh!"

And when Major Skinner of the 13th Battalion was called, he, too, testified to the mad flight of one hundred and fifty Redcoats before thirty or forty Men in Green! "I asked for Colonel Booker, and a voice cried out, 'He is off, three miles ahead!' We were ordered to 'retreat,' 'retreat,'" testified the same witness, "yet, when we reached camp only half of our ammunition was exhausted." "'Halt,' 'retreat,' never 'advance,'" complained a Canadian volunteer. The Queen's Own of Canada alone displayed courage at the battle of Ridgeway.

But the British soldiers were being reinforced, and O'Neill decided to return to Fort Erie to see if equal help was forthcoming from the American side. On his way back some skirmishing took place, but finding that no help was to be expected, and that his men were without either food or supplies, true general that he was, he would not sacrifice his soldiers where nothing was to be gained. He ordered his men into the boats which, strange to say, had been provided by the American Government.

Previous to the disbanding of the Fenian forces encamped along the frontier in the vicinity of Buffalo, a farewell address was delivered by Brigadier-General M. W. Burns, commanding the Irish Army there. From every part of the United States large companies of men had hurried to the attacking point and impatiently waited the word to follow the gallant O'Neill across the Niagara with reinforcements. The address was dated Buffalo, June 14, 1866:

To the officers and soldiers of the Irish Republican Army at Buffalo, N. Y. Brothers: Orders having been received from President Roberts, requesting you to return to your homes, it becomes my duty to promulgate said order in this department. Having been but a few days among you, and witnessing with pride your manly bearing and soldierly conduct in refraining from all acts of lawlessness on the citizens of this city, it grieves me to part with you so soon. I had hoped to lead you against the common enemy of humanity, viz., England, and would have done so had not the extreme vigilance of the United States Government frustrated our plans. It was the United States, not England, that impeded our onward march to freedom. Return to your homes for the present with the conviction that this impediment will soon be removed by the representation of the nation. Be firm in your determination to renew the contest when duty calls you forth; the Cause is too sacred to falter for a moment. Be patient, bide your time, organize your strength, and as Liberty is your watchword, it will finally be your sword. In leaving this city, where you have bountifully shared the hospitality of the citizens,

I beg you to maintain the same decorum that has characterized your actions while here. Signed, M. W. Burns, Brigadier-General, Commanding Irish Army at Buffalo.

So ended the long-looked-for Fenian Invasion of Canada—one of the most daring, valiant expeditions that has ever taken place in belligerent history.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CANADIAN FARM HOUSE.

When Colonel O'Neill called the roll that evening, Harry Dwyer was missing. Then one of the officers remembered that it was Lieutenant Dwyer who had captured the British colors, now lying in ignominy in the bottom of the boat. But none knew the fate of the gallant Irish-American who had been foremost in the fight.

After the ignoble flight of the combined British forces of infantry and some volunteer regiments, Harry stooped over a wounded "Redcoat" to bind up an artery which his professional eye saw, if neglected, would cause the victim to bleed to death, and as he did so, a bullet came whizzing from a brush-concealed log house in which some of the cowardly enemy lay in ambush, and brave Lieutenant Dwyer dropped beside the moaning Britisher. When the coast was clear, half a dozen English braves sallied out and courageously secured their helpless, lone prisoner.

But within that log house lived a kind-hearted English-Canadian family who, though having just cause for enmity against the invader of their peaceful farm life, displayed toward the disabled Fenian that blessed humanity which makes all the world kin. Theirs was the thrifty, modest home of the average English-Canadian farmer, whose hours of labor were long and hard, and with little attention to spare for a world beyond the limits of the rail-fenced acres:

"Few their wants, their pleasures but few."

The invasion of the Fenians had filled them with consternation and terror as they thought of the havoc it would work to their hard-earned, meagre comforts; still good Samaritanism was uppermost, and they prevailed upon the British soldiers to allow the prisoner to remain with them until his wound should be healed. It may have been the handsome face which had been the delight of an old grandmother's eyes and the secret pride of a dignified sister, that won these simple hearts, despite all racial feeling.

A week had passed, and as the young prisoner lay wearily by an open window looking out upon the meadow's beautiful green, begotten of June's sweet, sun-warmed breath, his impetuous nature rebelled against his inactivity, when, perhaps, another rally was being made for the Cause. But when later that same evening a few of the neighbors' "hands" gathered to chat over the recent Invasion, his thoughts were rudely given another turn.

All over Canada the pros and cons of the Invasion were being discussed with a vindictiveness that threatened to snap the bonds of many a strong friendship begun by old settlers when they had come out on the same ship some thirty years before. On one side was the prejudiced English and Scotch element, which regarded the invaders with double hatred for being made up of "low Irish Catholics," who dared cross swords with them; while on the other were the Irish-Canadians who, though they secretly enjoyed the scare given their neighbors, would have been the first, if real danger threatened their young Dominion, to take up arms in her defense. And so within Far-

mer Grames' hospitable log-kitchen the latest news was being duly told with a relish we can scarcely criticise.

"Have you heard about the Head Center?" asked a big, hulking hired-man from the next farm, casting an exultant glance toward the bunk where lay the invalid prisoner.

"No; what is it, Sam?" was the eager cry of half a dozen voices.

"Oh, only this—that Stephens has jumped the country with all the cash the Fenian fools had given him. Ha! ha! But he was a rare one; and now the whole rascally Brotherhood is going to pieces, rotten as it is with thieves and murderers, from the first man to the last."

Not until then had Harry Dwyer moved his brown head the eighth of an inch to afford the brawny fellow the satisfaction for which he was watching; but as the last unmanly attack was made, he forgot his great weakness, and leaping to his feet, shouted with concentrated indignation, "You lie, you unlicked cub, and you know that you do!"

Before the burly taunter could get from off his back-tilted chair, Farmer Grame, removing his pipe from his mouth and looking at both, said: "Enough of this, boys. Do you think I am going to have my floor made a battle-ground for settling the Fenian question? You have had enough fighting, Mr. Dwyer, and as to you, Sam Johnston, were I in your place I would be ashamed to strike a man when he is down."

"Pray, pardon my forgetfulness, Mr. Grame," quickly apologized Harry with his habitual courtesy..

Then he turned away to chew in silence the cud of bitter reflections; for, he reasoned, Sam Johnston must have had some foundation for the first part of his talk, insulting though it were, when he referred to Stephens. Next day's mail but too surely confirmed part of the story. Though the Fenian Invasion had ended futilely, at least in present results, it had ended anything but disgracefully, and the corresponding uprising in Ireland likewise, but, that the hero of both countries, the trusted leader, Stephens, should play the generous Brotherhood false, and fly like a common thief, was too much. Harry bowed his honest, manly head, as many a brave compatriot before him had done, and wondered if Freedom's bright sun would ever appear above the cloudy horizon of Britain's Poland?

In a week he was to be removed from his friendly quarters and placed behind the grim walls of Canada's bastille, Kingston Penitentiary. Would he ever again see his pleasant little office, where there was always room for Kathie's low rocker; would he ever see again that beautiful sister, who would present an impassive countenance alike to friend and stranger while grieving for her soldier-brother? Would George Debney care, or would he say that he got what he deserved for his perverseness in not listening to an impartial friend's advice? And his sweetheart, Nellie, dearest of all; he hoped she would not mourn his absence too much, but, he exultantly concluded: "It was for beloved Ireland; for her I would walk again the same path, step by step." He recalled the words of MacNevin: "Must prudence, then, hold pa-

triotism back until all are duly prepared for the exercise of their rights, until they learn, without a preceptor, to remedy their wrongs, and to use their strength with advantage, unaided by the counsel or guidance of a friend? Tyranny would never blanch at redress so long deferred. For all good works there must be found fortitude to begin, and the messenger of truth has to preach the way of salvation, though martyrdom was in his train.

"It was not to remain forever unemployed that the defensive feeling which surges against oppression was planted by Providence in the human heart. We are instruments in His Hands for purpose we do not see, but this we know, that when It permitted the tyrant, It ordained the patriot; and that the antagonist powers which preserve the health and symmetry of our physical frame are repeated in our intellectual nature and are given to repress the growth of moral evil. Whether we fall on serene or stormy days imports everything to our individual happiness, but even in our sufferings we may be establishing the rights of our country."

His ardent thoughts were interrupted by an unusual stir in the quiet house, and upon questioning one of the boys he found that the youngest brother, a lad of about four years, had been taken suddenly ill with what the doctor diagnosed an uncommon affection of the throat, symptoms of black diphtheria beginning to appear. Later in the day the family physician acknowledged that he had done all that his skill could devise, and suggested that a second doctor be called for consultation; and though the distance was

great and the medical fee correspondingly so, affection for once outran a farmer's instinct of economy. But the second doctor agreed with what had been done by his brother physician, and could advise no new remedy. Then Harry, who with the rest of the family had come near the sick bed, saw that immediate relief could be given the sufferer by inserting a tube in the throat that air might pass while some outward application was being made; for his practiced eye read only an aggravated case of quinsy.

Nettled at not having thought of this themselves, yet anxious not to lose a case, the doctors inserted the silver tube which brought the relief for which Harry had hoped. In a short while, however, to their dismay, the throat began to fill below the tube with strangling pus, and every moment seemed as if it would bring instant death to the little sufferer, whose face was quickly turning black.

Harry saw the sturdy father's hard-lined face grow grayer at every spasmodic breath of his son, and finally turn away unable to witness what he could not relieve; but the patient, tender mother bent over her darling, silently petitioning for Divine help as she wiped the heavy moisture from his brow. Then Harry stepped forward, saying to the doctors: "With your permission, gentlemen, I shall try my hand." They looked with scornful incredulity at the slim, pale American, whose suggestion before proved of such little benefit, and coldly answered: "This is not a case where unskilled hands may work."

Harry had not made known the fact of his professional calling, and, though he had impressed Farmer

Grame's household as being different from the average Fenian, it stopped there. So, failing in his appeal to the doctors, he turned to the parents. The father was also unwilling, but what escapes a mother's love? She saw resolute capability on the young man's face, and, besides, she would not leave one chance untried. "Do, Mr. Dwyer, and may God direct you."

In less time than it takes to relate, Harry had taken the silver tube, and once more inserting it in the now fast-closing throat, placed his lips to the tube—think of it, you enthusiastic admirers of brave Eleanor of Castile—and without the flickering of an eyelid slowly drew forth the revolting matter which was the cause of all the trouble. Silence was in the room as if death itself were present, as the group watched the dark, purple hue slowly disappearing at every unimpeded breath. They knew the little fellow's life was saved.

When Harry arose from his cramped position the light of an unselfish action shining upon his face, the father grasped his hand with an emotion too deep for words, and the gentle mother, after one kiss laid upon her boy's cool forehead, pressed another upon the lips that had saved her son; while the doctors shook his hand warmly, saying, "You are a noble man, Mr. Dwyer, and our profession missed an ornament when you embraced 'arms' instead of 'drugs'."

Harry merely smiled as he replied: "I have but returned in slight measure much generous kindness."

CHAPTER XVI.

A COMMON ANXIETY.

Meanwhile, in far-off Canton City, Harry's many friends had learned with dismay that his bright, genial face would be forever missing; that he with his ardent temperament and clever brain would slowly lose his individuality and be known hereafter as "Number 56" in the narrow limits of a prisoner's cell. "It was hard lines," the public said, "to see such a man as Dr. Dwyer pay the penalty due that miscreant Stephens, who saw from the first that all honest men would suffer from his foolish plot." But after the regulation "nine days' " talk, Harry's ill fate was uppermost only in the minds of the few.

At her brother's departure for the Fenian raid, Kathleen took up her residence at the home of Nellie Sales. She would have preferred remaining in her own home, where, when business permitted, she could enjoy the solace of her thoughts, as her disposition was such that it needed not the idle chatter of well-meaning strangers who vainly strove to make her see the bright side, if there were any. But society of the 60's decreed that a young unmarried woman must not live alone, and Miss Dwyer had tamely to yield her private feelings to that veneering of immaculate propriety, and what more proper than go to the house of Harry's future wife?

It was Sunday evening, and within Senator Sales' brilliantly lighted mansion there was, as usual, quite a number of casual callers, who, following the true

American style, came to pay their informal respects to the family. This is a very busy generation, which finds itself at leisure on Sunday only; and having long ago foresworn the rigid blue laws, it sees no danger to its eternal welfare in exchanging social courtesies upon the Sabbath. As to Senator Sales, he absolutely reveled in the company of his neighbors; and if the house were conducted according to his taste, it would never be without a dozen or more friends. Neither did he trouble about a harmonious selection of his guests, inviting right and left with an amusing disregard of each to the whole. His prim little wife often remonstrated with him against bringing under one roof doctors with state diplomas vis-a-vis to dubious physical healers, blue ribbon men with those whose florid faces told a different tale, lawyers and Quakers; while clergymen were brought shoulder to shoulder with the best poker hands in the city. So they sat "cheek by jowl," and the author of it all saw only a full board and was happy. When the gate clicked after the last departing guest, he would say, "It is all right, little woman; I like to have the whole deck, joker, too. It insures a pleasant evening."

And so on this particular night there was the same heterogeneous party, not to speak of the sprinkling of trim young men who will always be found wherever there is a pretty girl. It would be untrue to say that Nellie Sales was not sincerely grieved over Dr. Dwyer's misfortune; but it was that same pliant nature which allowed her to attend the Ladies' Circle because Harry wished it, though at which she mentally

elevated the tip of her dainty nose, but now that he was not there she went on prettily weeping, and also prettily enjoying herself. There was no real harm in her behavior, but it seemed a little heartless. So thought Kathleen, but she uttered no word of disapproval; neither did a word of sympathy for the absent cross her lips.

When Nellie, upon the receipt of a Canadian letter, stamped with the prison seal, would rush impetuously up to her guest's room to indulge in a good cry, Kathleen only murmured a few stereotyped commonplaces about the natural results of a defeat; then calmly continued sketching designs for her latest contract. And Nellie would in a short time leave the room, thinking she would not be so cold-hearted as Miss Dwyer for the whole world, even though it was in harmony with the cameo-cut face and statuesque figure. "And having such a handsome brother as Harry—she ought to be ashamed of herself," would invariably be Nellie's conclusion; but before answering her Canadian letter would bathe her eyes as she "must not look a fright before that young English captain whom papa had asked to dinner."

When Mr. Debney entered the quaint colonial drawing room with its odd nooks and deep windows, all wrapped in the rich coloring made beautiful by many years of use, his keen eyes traveled until they found their objective, Kathleen, where they rested a moment, then were turned to their hostess, showing naught but dignified courtesy, where an instant before gleamed love's own fire. Soon he found himself unwillingly placed near a good-natured, large-should-

ered woman whose marriage was not a failure, judging from the pains she was taking to induce an ascetic-faced Episcopalian minister into joining the order of Benedicts. But he told her his principles bound him to celibacy's straight and narrow road, and, indeed, he thought it was the only sure sign of angelical predestination. The stout lady turned her small, soft blue orbs upon the "slender holiness," saying, "It is well your creed agrees with your chances, Mr. Williams, for, since the disbanding of the armies, even handsome, able-bodied men are at a discount."

She was not a very conscientious church-goer, and the dominie's sweeping assertion had ruffled even her deeply ingrained complacency. A twinkle in the corner of his eyes showed that the young minister rather enjoyed stirring up the fair wearer of avoirdupois, and some stray talk upon church matters brought about a remark upon the Gospel of the day, which this same man had been expounding some three hours previous. The Gospel concerned the banquet given by a certain rich man, and of the reception of his invitation.

"I never read that Gospel," the minister said, "but I am seized with an irresistible desire to smile. It was not enough to decline the invitation, but when the messengers came they almost beat them within an inch of their lives." Then, turning, with a droll expression to his stout monitress, "I sincerely trust, madam, that I have not 'scandalized a little one'?"

"Apropos of religious instruction," broke in a little, chubby banker, "have you heard the latest orthodox account of the lawyer's admission into the realms of bliss?"

"No," replied the minister, "I was not aware of any recent dispensation."

"Oh, this Mr. Blackstone managed it by a double shuffle. He knocked respectfully at the door.

" 'Name?' asked the keeper of the keys.

" 'John Blackstone.'

" 'Occupation?'

" 'Barrister.'

" 'No room for lawyers here.'

"The legal man bowed his head to the decision of the superior court, but, going a few steps suddenly stopped, and waiving his arms wing-like crowed: 'Cock-a-doodle-doo.'

"St. Peter grimly watched this performance, and again the lawyer, moved a few steps, repeated the exclamation, but before the fatal thrice St. Peter called: 'Hi! come back here. I'd rather endure your presence than have that old scandal revived.' "

But Mr. Debney's attention had wandered long ago to where the daughter of the house sat, chatting gaily with a young English captain. Then, slowly, but surely, it passed on to another girlish form, holding itself with an air inimitable in its quiet grace. He thought of Harry, and was glad that the boasted science of clairvoyance was a myth, for Harry's love would have clearly seen the untroubled face of his betrothed and the ominous calmness of his sister and thus cause the shadows to deepen still more above his lonely prison cell.

At the request of Senator Sales, who was anxious to exhibit to his guests some rare specimens of fish which he had swimming around a marble fountain,

a general movement was made to the conservatory, and this gave Mr. Debney the opportunity for which he was covertly watching. Kathleen answered his quiet greeting in a manner similar to his own; and then they drifted into the usual platitudes which two people often talk when each is waiting for the other to make an opening. But approaching voices soon warned Mr. Debney that the time was almost past.

"Kathleen, have you thought of any feasible plan of going to Harry's rescue? It is arrant nonsense for the British Government to shut up for a life-time a few hot-headed boys because of that slight skirmish."

"Nevertheless," returned Kathleen, "I fear that same British Government will keep the heavy gates closed upon poor Harry for many a long, weary day," and only the quivering of the lower lip told of the almost unbearable grief which was weighing her down.

"Last night," Mr. Debney was beginning, when in came the group of young folk; Nellie's light laughter, in answer to some innane sally of the Englishman, preventing serious conversation, and it was only under cover of saying good-night that he whispered, "Meet me tomorrow evening at the Square, and I shall tell you my plans for Harry."

"And what are your plans, George? I could not sleep last night trying to conjecture what they might be."

"Come, let us go down by the sea and for one hour at least leave all this noise and bustle behind."

Kathleen readily assented, for she loved the ocean; and her companion welcomed anything that would give to him her sole company without the annoyance of a dozen prying spectators. Arm in arm by the sea they walked, the solemn stillness, save for the lush of the incoming tide, wrapping them around in a restful way; and perhaps never before were these two straight lines so near losing their parallelism as when the interest of a common anxiety began to draw them together. Kathleen, as she looked farther and still farther out upon the blue waters which seemed in the misty distance to beckon weary, worn mortals into taking the final plunge that would solve the mysterious word, eternity, felt as if that same eternity would be welcome. Then, with a sudden transition, she thought of a face whose view was bounded by four stone walls, and impatiently shaking off the dream-like feeling, repeated her question to Mr. Debney, who answered: "I think I shall go to Canada and see if our old friend D'Arcy McGee will prove his friendship to a friend in need."

"Yes," returned Kathleen, without a sign of her heart's unhealed wound.

"I find," he continued, "that he stands, strange to say, in high favor with both the Canadian and the British Government.

"And why not?" interrupted Kathleen. "Has he not thrown himself heart and soul into the work of federation? To him alone is due the success of uniting the provinces of Canada. D'Arcy McGee is a credit both to himself and to his race. If his misguided countrymen had but hearkened to his words,

Harry would not be lying today in a Canadian prison."

"You appear to have followed his movements rather closely."

A color faint as the sea-shells at her feet, answered his words, but her lips said again: "And why not? He was, and is still, I hope, a friend whom I am proud to have had come into my life. Women worship something more than a handsome face and a large bank account."

It was a cruel retort, to say the least, and very unlike Kathleen Dwyer to wound, intentionally, but she only sacrificed the lesser to the greater when George Debney threw a shadow across the bright memory of D'Arcy McGee. But a man forgives a great deal in the woman he loves, especially when that woman is in need of his help. So Mr. Debney merely asked permission to smoke a cigar, which he puffed long and diligently before saying: "Well, Kathleen, I shall leave for Canada tomorrow and beard the lion in his den, the British Governor General, and see what can be done."

On, on they talked, scarcely noticing that sunset had given way to twilight, even its tender dove-tints were deepening into intangible shades, so interested were they in forming plans for the absent. But when Kathleen turned at Senator Sales' door to say good-bye to Mr. Debney, all her calmness gave way, and clasping his hand tightly, she exclaimed: "George, bring back my brother to me, and then ask what you will." Then lifting to her lips the hand she held in a moment was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

Upon Mr. Debney presenting himself before Canada's Minister of Justice, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the erstwhile friend of his boyhood days, he met with a cordial reception. Deep indeed was Mr. McGee's regret on hearing that Harry Dwyer was among the few Fenians taken prisoner; and he promised to do all in his power to obtain the young American's release, and advised Mr. Debney to remain in Ottawa another week.

It was not long until Mr. Debney learned that there was an uncommon number of dark sayings directed by the Fenian element against D'Arcy McGee, who had from the first emphatically denounced the invasion, both from a Canadian and an Irish standpoint, advancing as his reason that those very men who were at the head knew well the utter futility of an uprising where the tenants (he referred to Ireland) had neither arms nor money sufficient to carry on even a skirmish. He endeavored to show that only ruin and broken hearts would follow, as had ever been the case. And when he was answered that England had never granted a concession to the Irish, only when compelled to do so through fear, he replied, that fact was too patent on the pages of history. But this was like to the flaunting of a red rag in the face of an ugly-tempered Yorkshire bull by a child who, when the animal became blind with fury, hoped to alight on his neck and escape being trampled to death; while, if other means

were taken with the same celerity and the wisdom of precaution, the brute might have been outwitted until stronger help came.

Right and left D'Arcy McGee continued his lecturing tour against the Fenians—going a little too far for the disturbed times, his best friends said, because his countrymen both in Canada and in the United States were in no condition of mind to listen. And so the man who only a short time before had been the idol of the Irish on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the heroes of '48, might now have heard his name blackened with the worst of Irish execrations, "the curse of Cromwell." "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," George Debney musingly murmured as he turned away from a group of lowering faces.

Yes, Mr. McGee thought he could arrange for Harry's release if a number of reliable Canadian names could be secured to sign a requisition, petitioning Government clemency for Dwyer; while Harry must take an oath not to participate in any future invasion into Canada, if such there should be. Also five hundred dollars must be paid into the Canadian treasury to defray in part the material loss which the country sustained through his actions. It was a unique way of going about it, but Mr. Debney passed his word that he would never make known the agreement—provided that those same conditions would be fulfilled. Of Harry's oath he felt assured, since it would not bar the American Fenian from Ireland; the financial part he himself could supply, but the first clause was the clincher.

At that moment a man entered, and presenting his card to the Minister of Justice, said he had come about a matter relating to one of the Fenian prisoners, Harry Dwyer. At mention of that name, Mr. Debney, who had been about to take his leave, halted and leaned over to examine a chart lying upon the desk. But the newcomer evidently must have drawn unfavorable conclusions from the Anglo-Saxon contour of Mr. Debney's face, for, with an expressive glance toward Mr. McGee, he showed hesitation about continuing further.

"Dr. Walton," said Mr. McGee, reading his visitor's card, "if your business with Mr. Dwyer be of an amicable nature, you may speak freely before this gentleman, as he is a personal friend of the prisoner; but if not, we will withdraw to another room."

"Yes, it is certainly of an amicable nature. I am the bearer of a petition from the villagers of Ridgeway praying Her Most Gracious Majesty to grant Mr. Dwyer's release."

For once in his life Mr. Debney's habitual reserve deserted him; he grasped the doctor's hand and shaking it wildly said: "Dr. Walton, for these words I am everlastingly your debtor."

Then followed from the doctor a history of Harry Dwyer's superb act of unselfishness. "Why," he concluded, "they verily worship his name through the village; and I fear that if the Fenians were to come again every man, woman and child would treat them well for his sake. His thinking of the ingenious plan for relieving the patient in the first place was a bad score against us as professional men."

"No," said Mr. Debney, smiling, "it is rather one for you as professional men. Harry Dwyer is recognized by his brother physicians in Canton as being one of the cleverest in the profession."

"What, you don't mean to say that the young fellow is a full-fledged 'saw-bones' and never gave us a hint?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Debney, "and it is what I would expect of Dr. Dwyer; but I suppose in the end his professional instincts got the better of him and he yielded to the temptation."

"Say rather his kind heart 'got the better of him,' and I think you will be nearer the mark," interposed the rich, melodious voice of D'Arcy McGee. He had listened with warm Irish sympathy to the story of his countryman's heroic act.

He gave no sign to the Canadian of having previously known the young Fenian, as it was not his policy to be apparently any further concerned than lay within his office as Minister of Justice. One week later Harry Dwyer stepped out of prison a free man. And as he bade Thomas D'Arcy McGee farewell he did not then understand the strain of prophetic sadness which lay in the words of the brilliant statesman and litterateur, when he quoted, in answer to Harry's good wishes that he might live long to enjoy the honors which the young Dominion was heaping upon him: "The temple of fame stands upon the grave; the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RETURN.

Though considerably out of the way, Harry insisted upon returning by the little village of Ridgeway that he might show his gratitude in person for the villagers' generous act. It would be hard to decide which evidenced the deepest pleasure at that meeting down by the little log station, the liberated prisoner or his first jailers.

Away in Canton his own little office was being made its gayest for the home-coming of the young doctor. It is true the return was not such as Harry had painted when the ardor of '66 was at its height; nevertheless, it bore enough resemblance to take the personal sting from past memories. Not only did Irish societies turn out to do him honor, but the city bands played their best to show their pleasure at the deliverance of their esteemed young citizen from the "hands of the Philistines." And though Kathleen did not meet him "all green and gold," she stood with pale face and moist eyes during long hours by his office window watching for his coming. Nellie kept running from the mirror to the garden, that she might see if her pretty, dimpled face had lost its charm through fretting, and to gather still another flower for her sweetheart's desk.

But now the sister's quick ear catches the first notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner," mingling with the bright, sweet air of "The Wearing of the Green," and lo! the carriage is at the gate, her brother springs

lightly out, and a faint feeling of almost overpowering joy sweeps over her as she sees that dear boyish face again.

"Kathleen, I have brought your brother back," says Mr. Debney's polished voice, and then Harry's arms are around her, and, like George Debney, we will leave them to themselves.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DINNER PARTY.

Senator Sales was giving a dinner party in honor of the return of his son-in-law elect. Pretty Nellie was looking her brightest; but when Mr. Debney heard the rippling laugh as it mingled with Harry's hearty one, he knew that it was not a whit more joyous than that which had charmed the English captain's ear. Then he turned to peer through some delicate maidenhair fern at a beautiful face where every curve 'round the perfect mouth told a mind at rest, and saw not all the efforts of the best conversationalist at the table could keep those blue-gray eyes from wandering to her brother's face, as if her starved heart were yet unsatisfied. And the man who thus furtively watched her? Perhaps he, too, felt pangs of heart hunger, and was not even getting a crumb where he craved all.

Dinner over, the guests wandered as they willed, through the spacious rooms and out upon the moon-flooded lawn, with its dark clumps of pine trees, where two friendly people might rest if they wished. By and by might be seen Mr. Debney dexterously directing a companion's steps toward one of those alluring spots. Conversation never flagged between these two. Though neither was a voluble talker, one mind seemed to be the complement of the other.

Just then Harry passed with his fiancée clinging to his arm. "Why will silly people try to be witty?" Miss Dwyer impatiently queried, as Nellie, throwing

a bird-like glance over Harry's shoulder said: "Kathleen, this brother of yours has been worrying over your whereabouts; but I told him we need only look for Mr. Debney's retreat."

"What a fine home Senator Sales has made for his family. I understand he had not a penny to his name when he came to this country; nothing but his own indomitable will to carry him through," was the rather irrelevant remark of Mr. Debney as the two strollers disappeared around a bend.

"Yes, very," weakly answered Kathleen, keenly grateful for his quick delicacy in covering an embarrassing situation, yet unable to assist him.

"Has anything ever been heard of that clever niece of his, who, some five years ago, shared Nellie's home like a twin sister?" questioned Mr. Debney, more to quiet further his companion's disturbed feelings than from any wish to hear the Sales' family history.

Kathleen feverishly seized upon his words. "Oh, did you never hear the story from Harry? Well, Nellie's cousin was always of a romantic turn, and this, coupled with natural abilities, proved her undoing, for she became obsessed with the idea that she was born for the stage and must follow her vocation, as she styled it. Her uncle first stormed, then pleaded with his dead brother's child to give up her insane notion; but, finding neither coercion nor persuasion of any use, he wrote a check for five thousand dollars and told her never to let him see her face again, and further that he would consider the family under an obligation to her if she would adopt a stage name as opposite her father's as possible. Mary knew that

money was necessary, so she accepted the check and acceded to the request; and not long afterwards a marked theatrical program arrived announcing Miss Asia Minor's debut before a New York audience as fourth lady in a catchy comedy troupe.

"But hard work and hard times proved too much for the delicately-reared niece of Senator Sales; and when Arthur Hunt, that good-looking brother of Mrs. Mackron, offered his hand and heart, she accepted, rather than acknowledge to her Canton relatives that what they had predicted had actually taken place. This also proved an unlucky venture for the girl, as with little affection on her part to make his faults seem less, and downright selfishness on his, an open rupture soon followed and he left her in New York to live as she best could. Mrs. Mackron was the only person in Canton who was aware of the quasi-secret marriage, and as all along she had borne the hapless girl an unlimited amount of ill-will for marrying her handsome brother, the divorce,—the Hunt family is non-Catholic,—which followed was her doing, because she hoped in time to bring about a marriage between Arthur Hunt and Nellie Sales—a long-cherished project, though it would separate two young hearts joined by love, and two others united at the altar of God."

George Debney sat listening to this pathetic little story of love and sorrow, told by one who seemed to be receding farther and farther from a dream picture he had painted long ago, in the hope that some day it might be realized. Very faint it looked now; for where would be the real pleasure in that which would be given only to pay a debt of honor? So he delib-

erately turned down his own chapter of love and disappointment and said: "And the finale? I am interested, Kathleen."

The girl smiled and gave a long-drawn breath of relief at a danger passed, and continued: "After five years Arthur Hunt returned to New York, preparatory to accepting a rich government post, and some fibres of the old affection he once bore his wife experienced a shock one day. Lounging in his club by an open window he saw a pale-faced woman carrying a large bundle in one hand; with the other she led a little child. The woman walked rapidly along the street as if time were money, and as they passed the open window, the child's tired voice floated in, 'I'se tan't teep up, mamma,' and the mother, with a swift motion bent down, and lifting her child, entered a ready-made clothing store directly opposite the club. They were the child and the divorced wife of Arthur Hunt.

"When the woman reappeared with only one load in her slender arms, for the child still persisted in being carried, Arthur Hunt watched them from his luxurious club, and when they disappeared from view he crossed the street and entered the same store.

"'What could he have the pleasure of showing the gentleman?' the obsequious proprietor unctuously asked in a manner contrasting sharply with the gruffness he had used toward the woman just gone when trying to withhold one-third of her hard-earned wages.

"The gentleman would have a look around the shop; was willing to pay a good price if he could be

supplied with some underwear that would not rip at the first strain.

“‘Quite right; that very parcel of clothing which the gentleman’s arm is resting upon was made by a hand that does its work well.’

“‘Indeed. Then I presume she has been supplying you long enough to be dependable?’

“‘To be sure, for the last five years. Makes enough to support herself and child.’

“Just then a customer coming in, Mr. Hunt signified that he had abundance of leisure at his disposal, and would waive his turn until the newcomer was served. And as the glib-tongued shop-keeper moved with alacrity to attend and fleece another customer, Arthur Hunt got the opportunity he sought. Leaning with an assumed air of indifference against the counter, he read upon the open order book lying beside the parcel, ‘Paid to Mrs. A. Carton, 34 Bank street, one dollar and fifty-six cents, for six hand-made shirts.’

“He knew that it was she, his divorced wife, for the name she had assumed had been her mother’s; and all his selfishness died then and there, when he reckoned that pale, delicate woman had labored one week, day and night, for what would not half cover his daily expense at the club. That same day he chanced to meet my brother Harry, who was on his regular Thursday visit to New York, and knowing him to have been a favorite with his wife when she was a happy girl at her uncle’s home, he told him the story I am telling you, and asked him to act as mediator between himself and his injured wife, as he had

not the courage to go first himself. Harry gladly consented. And it was with poor Mrs. Hunt he was during the time the forgery was committed. That was the reason he refused to account for his whereabouts."

"Did Mrs. Mackron know of this on the night of Colonel Sharp's 'at home,' when she alluded to Harry's ill-luck in being in New York on the same day?" asked Mr. Debney.

"Yes," replied Kathleen, "for Mr. Hunt wrote her to that effect, under the mistaken impression that she would be pleased, as his sister was wily enough never to show the cards she was playing, nor what stake she had in view—Arthur's marriage to Nellie."

Mr. Debney half-closed his eyes and thought, "There is no medium with women; they are either angels or——;" for he now knew that it was that same mischief-maker, Mrs. Mackron, who wrote the anonymous letter a year ago, hoping by this contrivance that she might prevent Dr. Dwyer's going to New York and effecting a reconciliation between husband and wife.

"And so, as the children say," concluded Kathleen, "they made it up, and are now living very happily in New York. Also, stranger things have come about than that the queer mixture of extravagant good nature and mulish stubbornness, Senator Sales, may yet relent and welcome home his long-absent niece."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SECRET MEETING.

In one of the Canadian border towns about a dozen men were gathered in secret conference; and, being all of decided Irish type of countenance, it is needless to say that the meeting's subject of discussion was the late "invasion."

Across in Canada the fiat had gone forth "that Thomas D'Arcy McGee must die." Not all Fenians agreed to the fatal verdict; but "death to traitors," was the cry, and his name was placed upon the black list. Despite protests, the few were forced to submit to the will of the majority. In the chair sat Nagle Thompson, and when the motion of death was passed, a ballot was cast in deep silence for the name of him who should carry out the awful sentence. And when Nagle Thompson, as chairman, read out the name—an Irish-Canadian leaning against the barred door gave a sickening gasp, and out upon the listening stillness came the words, "Kathleen, forgive!" But only the chairman understood, and smiled, as Satan, his master, must have done, when he destroyed the first woman's earthly happiness.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BROKEN COLUMN.

Not many months have gone by since that moonlight night, when Kathleen Dwyer and George Debney sat idly chatting beneath a drooping ash tree; yet since that time she has had to bend her head beneath the chastening rod.

It was the spring of '68, and all over the American continent and across to where England's couchant lion, with triumphant, wrathful eyes watched, and still watches, its unlawful plunder, had flashed the dreadful news, "D'Arcy McGee is dead; shot in the lonely hours of the night by an assassin's hand." Two women, the loved Canadian wife and the beautiful American friend, hid their white faces and murmured, "The Lord our God is a jealous God, and will brook no gods but One." For, alas, there are many worshippers of false gods in the world, though they bow not down to wood or stone. The fine tendrils of the heart's affections cling, as they think, around an imperishable tower of strength, when lo! they find them tossing pitifully in the air whilst that to which they clung in their blindness has crumbled into the dust of the grave.

D'Arcy McGee had tried to pierce with his giant intellect through the heavy clouds to where the bright sunlight of unity and freedom shone, but it was not to be. The clouds burst in all their fury upon that grand head, leaving naught but the broken column of his manhood's prime to tell of an able statesman's labor for his adopted country.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

When the first shoots of green grass appeared above the grave of the Irish-Canadian statesman, a lonely traveler was starting upon a pilgrimage to the Mecca of her heart. One bright, beautiful morning a tall, graceful woman secured her passage from Kingston to Montreal via the steamer "Hypatia," and she seemed not unlike the Grecian doctress for whom the steamer was named.

As the boat steamed out from the Limestone city the traveler could see the early sun's amber rays throwing their shafts of light across Ontario's prison, with its immense stone walls, corniced with four watch towers wherein the tireless sharpshooters pace, ready to end the life of a too venturesome convict, and she wondered if her brother felt more miserable when he first caught sight of those same prison gates. It is Kathleen Dwyer on her way to the grave of D'Arcy McGee.

All through the long, dreary winter months an irresistible longing to make this journey had possessed her, and when the warm spring days came, she suddenly said to herself, "I will go to see that grave; if once my hand could but press its cool, damp earth this feverish longing would be calmed and then I could say farewell to the life that was, and enter the life that is."

George Debney alone discerned that mental struggle, for all these years Kathleen's secret had been his, but he gave no sign; only guarded it as sacredly as

does the Catholic priest that of the confessional. And so one day when Dr. Dwyer innocently announced in Mr. Debney's hearing that his sister purposed visiting some Canadian friends, Mr. Debney also decided to visit Canada; not to spy on the private feelings of the woman he loved and revered, but that he might, if danger threatened that precious life, be there to meet it first.

And so it happened, wherever that gray-robed figure went, in the distance might have been seen a well-built American business man, wearing a soft slouch hat. With all Kathleen's sad thoughts, the ever-changing charm of the St. Lawrence, especially where the Thousand Islands gather upon its broad breast, aroused her deep appreciation of the beautiful. She watched with delight the boat's course, as it threaded among the beauty spots where nature and art seemed to have been vying with each other to render lovely as can be this lower world.

Here and there neat little Canadian and American towns crept down to the silvery rushing water to snatch a kiss as it hurried on its way to join the broad Atlantic. The distinctive beauty of the St. Lawrence at this point suited her chastened mood, as it is of that kind which quiets human nature in a restful way, suggesting naught but serene thoughts and unbounded trust in Him Who has created all this delight for His children, and Who does all things for the best.

As the afternoon advanced, Kathleen knew by the gathering of passengers upon the upper deck that it must be about time to shoot the world-famous rapids

of Lachine. Soon a stop was made to take on the Indian pilot, who alone can guide the white man's boat through the perilous rocks of Lachine.

Near Kathleen stood an elderly woman who, contrary to the rest of the tourists, seemed to shrink from gazing down upon the whirling, twisting waves, which tossed the steamer up and down, as if it were but a feather lying upon their madly heaving crests. It may have been the trace of some past sorrow in the face of the woman which prompted Kathleen to ask why she avoided the fascinating grandeur of the scene. The woman answered: "Twenty years ago, I was a young girl like yourself, ma'am, though I was the mother of a fine child of five years, which, begging your pardon, ma'am, maybe you are, too?" Kathleen hastily shook her head. "My mistake, miss; but you have such a tender, sweet look that I judged accordingly. As I was saying, I, with my little boy, was going down to meet my husband, who had been working for the past six months in Montreal, and a proud, happy woman I felt, with the thought of him and his delight on seeing our son, little Davy, grown to be such a fine big boy. I thought the sail from Kingston, miss, was like a bit of heaven and when I came to those awful rapids," and she threw a quick, shuddering glance over her shoulder at the frothing water, "why, I just thought it great fun to feel the boat rock to and fro; I was young and light-hearted then. And the better to watch the wild cataract of dashing waves, taking little Davy by the hand I went down to the lower deck. The boat had entered a smooth channel, and I was thrown off my guard; my hold relaxed on the little

hand, and in one moment came tearing along a treacherous wave; the boat gave a lurch—and my Davy, my first-born, was washed overboard, and his laughing eyes swallowed up in the cruel, rushing current.”

“Poor woman, I am sorry for you,” softly spoke Kathleen’s low voice.

“Yes, miss, I think you are,” answered this woman who after all those years filled, perhaps, with greater sorrows, yet felt as acutely the tender grief of a mother when passing over the watery grave of her little one, as if it had been but yesterday. But Kathleen, uncomprehending that great mother love, marveled at such grief over the loss of an innocent child. “Rather rejoice,” she bitterly thought, “that he grew not up to meet an untimely death, and thereby bring untold sorrow to those who loved him; or, to await, in a felon’s cell the awful end which justice metes out to the assassin.”

But the St. Lawrence had borne the “Hypatia” to Montreal harbor, and the sun had dropped so low that only the tips of the golden spires could be seen as they slowly merged into the outline of the Royal Mountain. As Kathleen stepped ashore amidst the babble of tongues which almost deafens the bewildered tourist, there fell upon her a forlorn feeling which arose she knew not whether from being in the city that the late D’Arcy McGee had called home, or because she was so utterly alone, never more so than in the heart of a big city. Had she known it, she was not alone. A quiet figure, calmly oblivious to the chattering of the voluble Frenchmen, was noting her every movement, and not until it had seen her take a carriage for the St. Louis Hotel did it move away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GRAVE ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Next morning at an early hour as the gray-robed lady stepped into a carriage awaiting her and said, "Mount Royal cemetery," another closed carriage followed in a like direction. And the occupant of the second sees that the route which she took was one that will lead by Mountmorenci Terrace, the family home of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

On and on through the busy French-Canadian metropolis, and then the first carriage drew up at the foot of the mountain, for the lady evidently preferred walking the remainder of the journey; the passenger in the second, tells his driver that he will continue as far as Villa Marie Convent, as he has a wish to see that old, historic building. For this man, even unseen, would not intrude upon the secret converse with the dead, and he knows no harm will befall her there.

It was a long walk up this winding road around the mountain, but Kathleen neither felt the fatigue nor saw the exquisite beauty of the surroundings, though every higher curve permitted a still better view of the lovely island city lying at its base. From afar off she caught those gleams of white, which strike so chillingly upon the heart of the mourner as he draws near the city of the dead, God's Acre, where the loved and lost silently dwell.

Upward, still upward she toils, passing on her way the stations of the cross that the pious French people have placed here in harmony with the sad, prayerful thoughts for the dear departed, and which

have given to this part the name, Calvary; away up on the summit, outlined against the soft, azure sky, are the Three Crosses.

Now she has come in sight of that grave which has haunted her dreams and drawn her, step by step, many a weary mile. "Sacred to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee," she reads, and goes no further. Down upon the new-raised mound a woman has hidden her face, and only God's gentle angels, and mayhap the spirit of the dead man lying there, hear the soul-whispered words, whilst above, the birds are twittering among the leafy trees, and the soft, spring wind caressingly touches the bowed head.

At last she raised her tear-stained face, and her eyes sought amid the grass a shamrock to place in a plain gold locket hanging at her throat. Then, murmuring, oh, so softly, "Requiescant in pace," she turned, and without a backward glance at the quiet grave, went up to the foot of the Center Cross, and leaned her head wearily against it as if her burden, being heavy, she came to contrast it with His.

But her Canadian trip was not yet ended. On the same day that she had visited the grave on the side of the mountain, she arrived at Ottawa, that interesting little town lying on the bank of the Ottawa river but large enough to be the seat of the Dominion Government, whose buildings are second to none on this side of the Atlantic. The follower in the slouch hat sees her wend her way slowly up Sparks street to where a boarding house conducted by a Mrs. Trotter stands close to the street, pause a moment at the door, then pass on to the Parliament buildings.

The well-tipped janitor pointed out Mr. McGee's seat, and going up to it she sat down to picture to herself, as she had often done before, his last night there, when the House had re-echoed to his brilliant speech for unity among the provinces; his departure from the House with a friend, and at their diverging roads, the pleasant good-night. She saw him walk down the moonlit street, lightly whistling the "Minstrel Boy," and as he reached the door of his boarding house, and while his hand fumbled with the latchkey—had he heard that stealthy step and tried to hurry?—a shot rang out upon the lonely stillness—the dark deed was done.

She next visited a gloomy looking building, with windows heavily barred, as if within were caged some wild beasts of prey.

"Yes, the lady may see the prisoner, Patrick William Whelan, if she knew him when he was a child." Up the stone steps she went, through long, stone-paved corridors, and the turnkey stopped before No. 2.

"No. 2, a lady wishes to speak to you," and the guard moved off a few paces that he might be near enough to intercept the smallest parcel.

Grimly and slowly the prisoner turned from his weary watch by the barred window. With a start he recognized the woman, who from a child of five had been to him like some sweet saint whom he might love and reverence, but who would never care aught for him. Had she come, as others had, to trap him into an admission, that she might look at him with condemnation in those beloved eyes, which to save from a single tear he would give his life ten times over?

As he stood mutely before her, pitying her sorrow in a way sneering misanthropes would scarcely admit possible in a condemned man, he heard a voice, like the low-toned tolling of a bell as some young comrade is being laid low, "Billie, I am so sorry for it all."

The old childish name dropping so naturally from her pure lips unlocked the heavy gates of gloom; over that face broke a light which showed that the heart, at least, had not directed the awful act. Lower and lower sank the two voices; then the guard called "Time's up."

Some time after when a life was taken for a life, so the court declared, there were those who remembered that following the visit of the gray-robed lady a notable change was seen in the prisoner; he called for a priest of God and piously, obediently harkened to that voice which prepared him to go before the Just Judge of all hearts. And when, as he stood upon the scaffold and said he forgave all his enemies as he hoped to be forgiven, the malevolent Nagle Thompson cried, "And the British Government?"

"As to the British Government," he began, but the priest raised aloft the crucifix, and the farewell words of Kathleen Dwyer, "Our innocent Lord forgave all, not one," drove off the bitter condemnation from the lips of the man about to meet his God.

When Kathleen emerged from the prison gate, she again made her way to her hotel by the fatal spot whereon D'Arcy McGee had met his death. And whether it was the sight of that, coupled with the memory of all she had seen and heard, an attack of

vertigo overcame her, and she fell, just as a pair of heavy dray horses came galloping round the corner of the otherwise deserted street.

"Was there to be a second tragedy enacted at her door?" Mrs. Trotter gasped with white lips. But the man who had kept silent watch was at hand, and springing forward, he caught the limp figure in his strong arms—not a second too soon to save that rare beauty from being a shapeless mass on the dusty road. He bore her into that same house, saying he would wait in the adjoining room until he might know if it were only a fainting spell, as Mrs. Trotter thought.

In a few moments Mrs. Trotter returned. "Yes, the young lady was quite recovered, and wished to thank the gentleman, and to know to whom she owed her rescue." He only replied that he was pleased to know the lady was now all right, and when he reached his hotel would send a carriage to place at her disposal. As to his name, it was of no consequence, as he was a stranger in those parts.

When a few days later Kathleen Dwyer stepped off an incoming train to Canton City, she did not notice that Mr. Debney alighted at the farther end; nor did she ever know of the espionage which so faithfully followed her every step, yet left her to herself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

It is the Fourth of July, 1869, in Canton; and history but repeats itself in this annual celebration.

Out on one of the side verandas which make Senator Sales' home so inviting in the hot, dusty afternoon, stands Kathleen Dwyer. She is thinking, as she leans against the trellised post, of that other Fourth, and of the figures which took part—and it brings back the memory of a letter she received in the morning mail. No name was signed, but she had seen that handwriting before, and knew it well. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," so the letter abruptly began. "At last I have wiped out the debt owed you since April twenty-seven, 1866, and every day since has compounded the interest, yet I think I have included all in the sum I shall enumerate:

"I was a large factor, in my own humble way, in pushing forward the Fenian Raid in consequence of which your brother was wounded, and lay for months in a Canadian prison. I suggested the possible treachery of D'Arcy McGee and its penalty; and when my never-ceasing urging brought about a decision of 'death to the traitor,' I called a meeting, manoeuvred that I myself be chairman, and have the sole right to count the ballots, and it fell upon the man I had determined should do the deed. And now I can cry quits when, through my work, the idol of your hero-worship was brought low by the hand of your early friend, who in turn died upon the gallows."

"Yes, it was bitter," she thought. Harry had gone off with his young bride, and through the window she could hear Senator Sales' hearty laugh as he helped his grand-nephew, Arthur Hunt's child, set off great bunches of firecrackers, for the wished-for reconciliation had come about and the sad-faced niece was happy again.

D'Arcy McGee, the hero of Kathleen's young life, lay beneath the willows on the side of Mount Royal; over the dear old grandmother's resting place five summers had passed, while she alone remained—even George Debney had not called that day, when all were seeking their friends. As if in answer to her thought a firm, quick step is coming toward her, as all through life it has been doing, and George Debney stands before her.

"Come down by the sea, Kathleen," he says, and she follows that calm, polished voice.

"Kathleen, at last Jacob thinks he may claim his Rachel." They had been chatting about the unveiling of a statue of George Washington, which had taken place that day upon the Public Square, and of the various incidents occurring round it, when Mr. Debney suddenly turned to his companion with his Scriptural metaphor. She did not pretend to misunderstand him; and he, seeing she listened, told that story which is old, but forever new; this shrewd, practical business man related it with as much tenderness as did ever Spanish cavalier to dark-eyed senorita beneath the olive tree. And Kathleen answered him in a way that seemed to please him, though her words were few.

But as both never cared for prying eyes to scan their private feelings, we, too, shall respect their wishes and discreetly turn away from that wooing down by the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

IRELAND'S RAINBOW.

And this "Cloudy Weather" which has darkened the skies of the Irish race, will it never break? Yes, there is a sure sign of it now, for the rainbow of Ireland's fair weather has appeared in the Sinn Fein movement. The time has been dreary, watching for that long-expected pledge to a faithful people; and he who for years was held up to scorn and ridicule—the "Irish agitator"—is reaping his reward at last. He sees men who scoffed at the Irish filibuster now active in upholding Ireland's right to self-government. Yet if that same Irish filibuster had not kept alive the agitation for Ireland's freedom the fair emerald of the sea would be now as much of a nonentity nationally as Scotland or Wales.

THE END.

